

NORMALOGUE

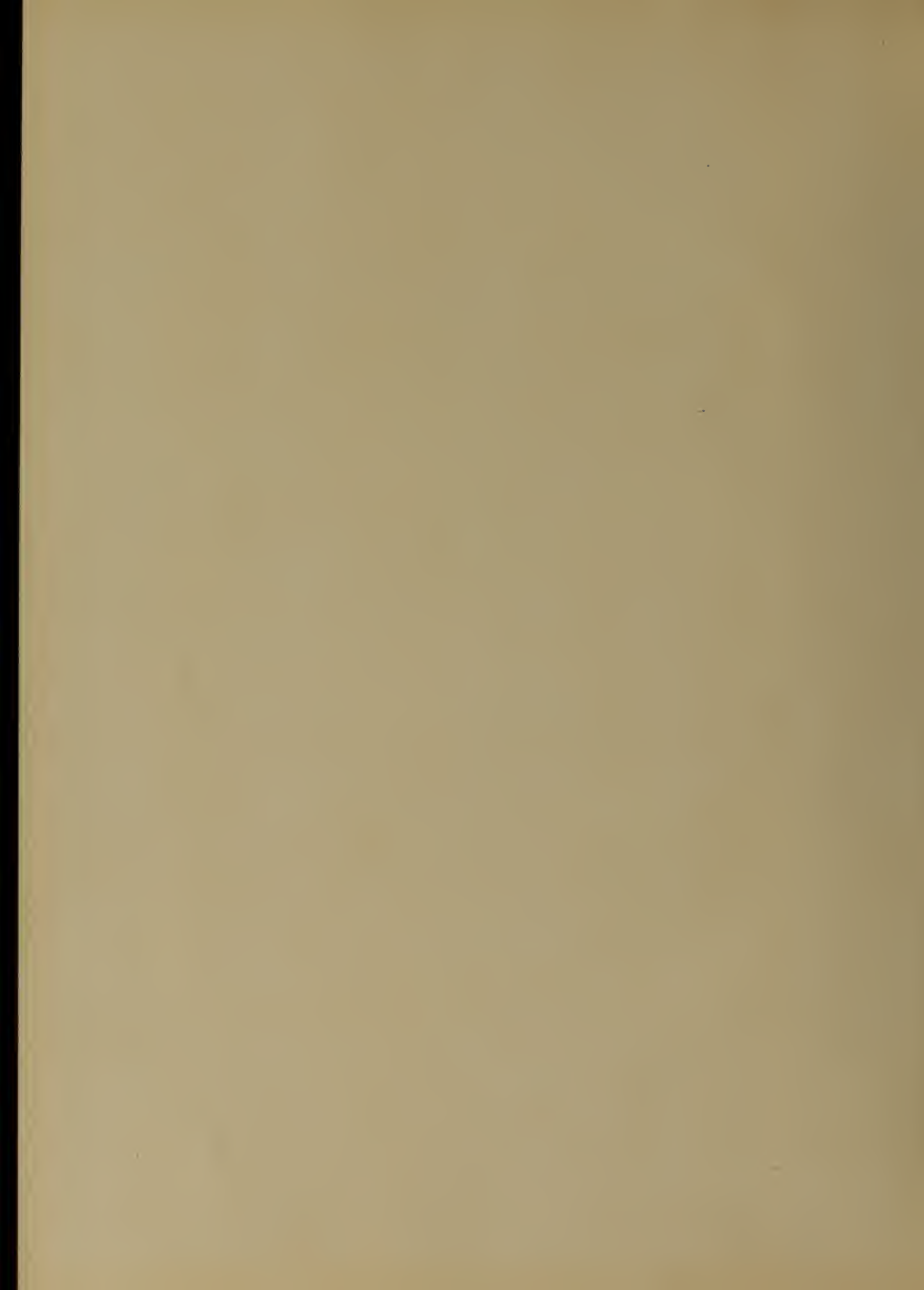
1917

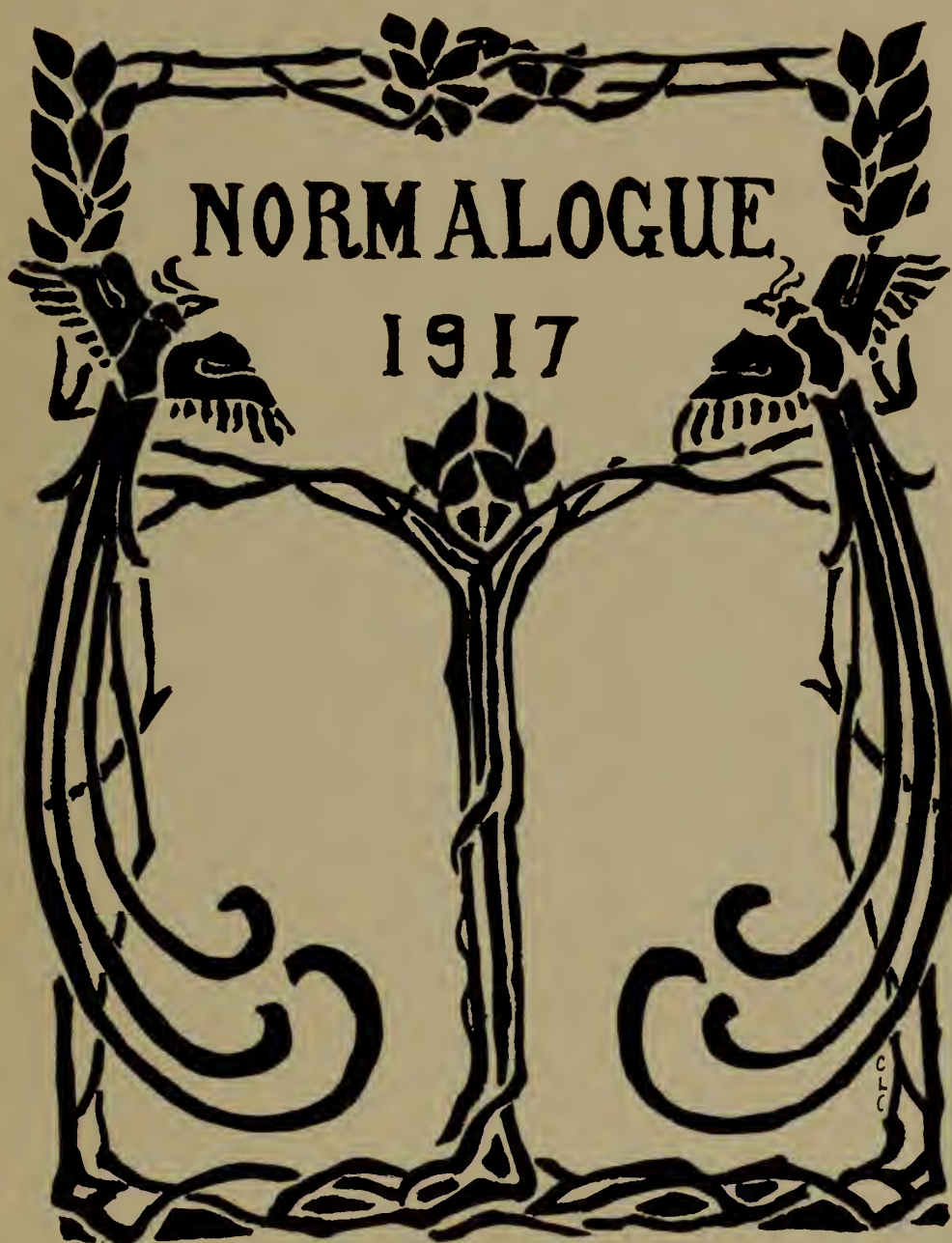
















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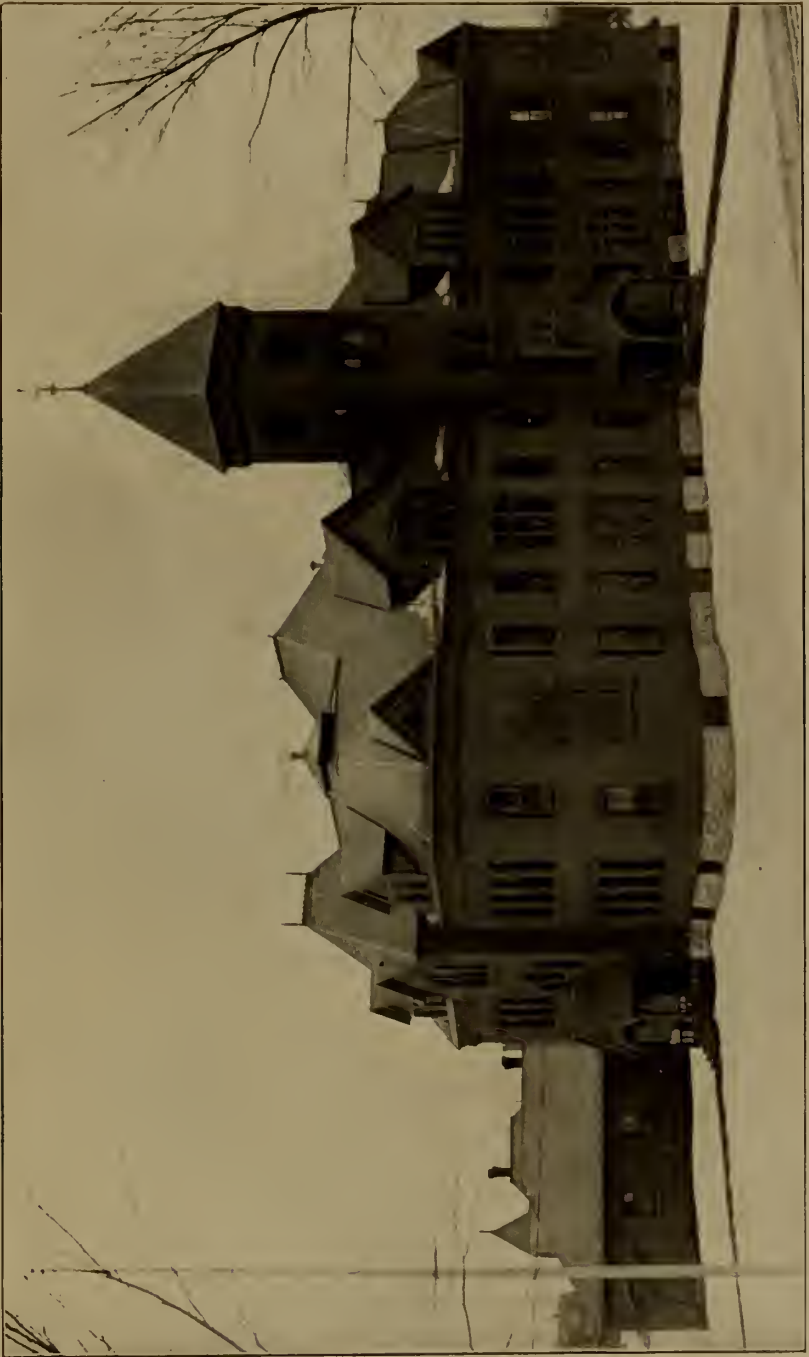
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Dedicatory

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Once, mid life's great rolling tide
We pause to think, and turn aside,
To ponder on the things that be:
Why we exist in this, life's sea.

Ah, we need not seek so far
For those who made us what we are.
In eyes of love we see the light
Which shines for us both day and night.

Yes, it's Mother sitting there,
And Father bending o'er her chair.
That happy picture which we see
Will shine thru all eternity!

So in love, we dedicate
Our book to those whom kindly fate
Decreed our parents fond should be
Revere and love them as do we.



OUR real tribute to our Alma Mater is yet to be offered. We trust that our love is great enough, our loyalty deep enough, to make this tribute all that the school deserves. Steadfastly set to win success in our chosen profession, when that success is ours, we will proudly lay it at the feet of our principal and faculty, in recognition of all they have so unsparingly given to us.

* * * * *

Never shall we find in all life's journey, a more progressive, broadminded, impartial man than our own Principal Murdock. In everything that he has done for us we feel that his motto must be like Thomas Payne's, "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

We wish to write now to each and all of our faculty that they may read a little of the appreciation of them which lies deep within us. We cannot express vividly enough our feelings, but must ask them to read between the lines.

Mr. Frank F. Murdock

To our principal what can we say that will be a "perfect tribute?" We look to him for ideals, for methods, for our very manner of thinking. He leads; we follow, till we have found the right path, and then we see for ourselves the way in which to go. So he launches class after class on the sea of life, having shown us how to use our compasses and follow the path across that sea to the goal. We doubt not that he also sees our goal and looks on, smiling encouragement as we pass through rough waters to smooth.

He has inspired us, filled us with practical ideas and sent us out remembering his example.

Ofttimes in psychology classes, we have had the uncanny feeling that he could read our thoughts, and tell us what we were going to think next. Though he is neither a mystic nor a fortune teller, he has read our characters so wonderfully that we suppose he now has in mind what each individual will accomplish in her chosen profession. As the years roll by, he will watch and remember, and perhaps tell us later that he foresaw at the time of our graduation, all that has come to us in life.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

THE



FACULTY

MEC



“**E** DUCATION is not what is done for a person but what is done by him.”

Men and women have become great only as they have ceased to repeat the past or to reflect institutionalized thought and practices, only as they have been whole-heartedly and incessantly self-impelled to the accomplishment of an ideal arising from and in agreement with the fundamental verities of human life. A great teacher of the past is useful to me only as I understand his self-activity, his devotion to his ideal, and interpret his life in terms of my every day existence. Every man, woman, and child is significant and energizing to a teacher whose motive and method are not to the end of acquiring scholarship but to the purpose of developing self-power in his pupils.

There are so many unknown personalities about us, so many opportunities, so many arresting traditions, so little prophetic instruction, that a teacher must

betake himself to the great reformers of the past and to the great innovators of the present for enlightenment and inspiration, and to children and youth for motivating power.

Happiness beyond measure is the reward possible and actual to every teacher who journeys with his pupils into their future. To such a teacher it is better to travel than to arrive.

Principal F. F. Murdock

Albert G. Eldridge



FOR a long time I have heard Mother say again and again to Father, "You really ought to write that sketch of your life for the Normalogue;" and every time his answer has been, "I know it, but I don't know what to write." Now if there is anything that makes me more nervous than cutting teeth, it is to keep hearing Mother say the same thing to Father over and over again; so, in order to stop this particular speech, I am going to surprise both my parents by writing a biographical sketch for Father myself. You may wonder that I know what that long word means, but let me tell you a secret. We babies know a great deal that we don't talk about, and for good and sufficient reasons we prefer to let the elders do the talking during the first year or two of our lives, while we expend our energy on more important matters, like planning out our careers.

I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, by telling who Father is. He is the person who helps Mother take care of me, and who does various things for us. In winter he tends the furnace, and in summer he mows the lawn around our house. If he happens to be at home when I am going upstairs to bed, he carries me up, and in ever so many ways he makes himself useful and entertaining to me.

He was born in Boston, and that is a satisfaction, for Boston is my birthplace also, and really I think everyone ought to start from there. He graduated from Harvard in 1908. Just here I must apologetically admit that I am not clear as to what that means, for the day I picked up that information from something I overheard him say to Mother, my mind was much occupied in trying to discover what made my rubber dog squeak. But we will pass on. These next items I gathered from a memorandum which he made out to hand to the editors of the Normalogue. From 1908 to 1910 he taught Elementary Science in the New Bedford High School. During the next two years he was principal of the Graded High School at Canaan, Connecticut, and continued to teach Elementary Science. He then came to North Adams, and began to get acquainted with the people of this Normal School, while he was superintendent of schools in Clarksburg, Florida, Monroe, and Savoy. After a year here, he went to Blackstone, a town in the eastern part of Massachusetts, and was superintendent of schools for that town and for another called Seekonk.

I first met him the summer before he left Blackstone to come to the North Adams Normal School. At that time he was taking a short course in the same Harvard to which I referred a moment ago, and which is confused in my mind with my rubber dog. Perhaps if I ever go and look up Harvard myself, I shall find there the true and scientific explanation of the dog's squeak. Perhaps it is a place where you can learn such things. At any rate, I never saw Father looking puzzled over my dog. The time *he* looks puzzled is when Mother says, "Have you written that Normalogue sketch yet? You know you really ought to write it." But now she won't have to ask him that any more, and since most of my teeth are through, I shall be able to settle down to a quiet life, and forget my nerves.

Oliver Fuller Eldridge



Roy Leon Smith

WHENEVER we of 1917 turn the pages of our "Normalogue" and find Mr. Smith's picture, our faces, one and all, will relax in a smile at the remembrance of some pleasant thing that happened in one of his classes. No matter how far we have advanced into the stage of the "old maid school marm," we will forget our crabbed, austere ways in remembrance of his good nature and humor. We leave his class with regret and hope that we may imitate to our best ability his splendid example as a teacher.

Since Mr. Smith teaches history, we tremble at the thought of being his historian, feeling to begin with, that we cannot do our subject justice. By inquiry we have found that he was born in some year A. D. in Plymouth, N. Y. He himself emphasizes the fact that that does not mean Plymouth, Mass. (He never will take a bit of credit not due him.)

In Plymouth he went to a district school.

After graduating from the High School of Norwich, N. Y., he spent one year in a teachers' training class, and followed it with a post-graduate course.

In a subdued tone, Mr. Smith whispers that for the next three years he taught in a district school, sometimes earning as high as eight dollars per week. He hints often of the wonderful time he had boarding in the various rural homes. There is a story about six chickens which he might tell you, if you asked him.

Syracuse University opened its doors to him in 1900 and he assures us that he graduated in 1904! He also says that, as it is ancient history, there is really no way of proving it!

At Freeport, Long Island, he was assistant principal, then principal of the high school, afterward accepting a position in the Westfield, N. J., High School.

Before coming to North Adams, he did post-graduate work in history and education for three years, at Columbia University. In 1912, N. A. N. S. welcomed him and has ever since been honored by his presence.

Last year he was chairman of the normal school committee for the revision of the history course for the state of Massachusetts. This honor was well deserved, and his work thoroughly appreciated.

Such a biography as this could be written of few. We are happy and fortunate to have known and to have been instructed by Mr. Smith, our teacher of Science, History and Economics.



Mary Louise Baright

Announced by all the clamor of the gong
Arrives the fire-drill; and, tumbling out of bed,
The inmates don their coats and shoes and things,
And tread the corridors with hurrying feet,
To reach the hall below. And then,
Like France's great army in the days of old,
They all march back to bed again.

CAN you not see how interesting a life the author of these lines must have led? And is it surprising that her writings are so "charming" when she spent so much of her time amid such thrilling experiences?

A little less than a hundred years ago, Mary Louise Baright was born in the old Dutch town of Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson. She was the youngest of a family of six, and her parents were "poor but respectable" Quaker farmers who knew how to read and write. Their daughter, as "is shown" by the above quotation, must have inherited much of their ability in this line.

Her education was well planned out, but the vicissitudes of life caused some of the well laid schemes to "gang a-gley," but she did manage to go to the public schools of her home town, Boston University, Curry's School of Expression and Chicago University.

She began her teaching in a little country school not far from her home, but has since wandered far afield and done her work in such places as: a private school, Nashville, Tennessee; The State Normal School, Westchester, Pennsylvania; The University of Oregon; The State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On April 1, 1902 (was there anything significant in that date?) she came to N. A. N. S. And here she is.

She loves her work, she loves her friends, and she loves her country; her message to her pupils is:

"Let us then be up and doing,"
Never mind how hard we're smote;
"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor" and to vote.



Mary Angelina Pearson

BORN in Lawrence, Mass., January 19, after the Civil War, of parents possessing neither poverty nor riches. Next to the youngest of five children, having an even number of brothers and sisters.

Graduated from the Reading High School; Abbot Academy, Andover; the State Normal Art School, Boston; and the Glens Fall, N. Y., Summer School of Methods.

Supplementary Art courses taken with Dr. Ross, Harvard University; Henry Hunt Clark, Providence School of Design; Alfonse Mucha, Colarossi Academic, Paris; and Frank Alvah Parsons, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

Taught as a grade teacher three years in Reading and Southbridge, Mass.

Supervised drawing five years in groups of towns about Boston.

Member of The Eastern Art Teachers' Association, The American Federation of Arts, The International Congress for the Development of Drawing and Art Teaching.

Favorite avocation:—Equal Suffrage.

Note:—Came to North Adams when the Normal School was opened on the hill known as "Sugar Loaf," Feb. 1, 1897. In winter the hill was a favorite toboggan slide and in summer a post for the discharge of Fourth of July fireworks. It is Miss Pearson's earnest wish that her pupils in the N. A. N. S. see to it that her pedagogic efforts in their behalf do not go up flame and come down stick, after the manner of the sky rocket.



Rosa E. Searle

IN thinking of Miss Searle, we shall always remember her unfailing enthusiasm as leader of our music. In assembly hall, in music class, in Glee Club, never does she cease to inspire us with her appreciation of music.

Miss Searle graduated from the Westfield Normal School, and afterwards studied music with William Tomlins in Boston. At Evanston, Ill., she took a summer course. Before teaching in our own training school, she taught in Easthampton and in Newton, her work covering the whole nine grades. Now she is head of the mathematics department, as well as that of music, in our Normal School.

We have often heard the girls say, "What did you get on that lesson plan in Arithmetic?"

And a doleful voice replies, "Oh, 'D-e-e-e', with the words, 'See me' beneath it."

But one and all we like her, and we know that she is fair and square with everyone.

We hope, too, that we have caught something of her spirit, with all of its vigor, to carry to our unmusical, non-mathematical pupils.



Bertha M. Sholes

TWO years ago Miss Sholes took up her duties at our school. During that short period she has fully proved her worth in fitting the students to take their places in various schools, and oftentimes in the home. The many hours spent in her classes in cooking and sewing will always be associated with the words happy and pleasant.

She is a graduate of Vermont Academy and has taken additional courses at Simmons College. Her very earnest desire to have us take up rural school work must be the result of her three years' teaching in the rural schools of central New York.



Hannah Percival Waterman

ALTHOUGH the class of 1917 as a whole has never come in contact with Miss Waterman in her professional capacity, nevertheless, we will always remember her graciousness.

Miss Waterman is a graduate of Bridgewater Normal School, and took special courses at Hyannis Normal School, Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Butler College, Indianapolis.

She taught in the elementary grades in Taunton and Chelsea, Mass., and Mark Hopkins School, North Adams, Mass., and for two years was principal of a public training school in Indianapolis. Miss Waterman's teaching experience also includes her work in the summer normal schools at Johnson and Castleton, Vermont. Now she supervises our rural training schools, and since 1912 has directed our Extension Department.

Miss Waterman is a member of the North Adams Woman's Club, North Adams Equal Franchise League, Massachusetts Audubon Society, Massachusetts Child Labor Commission, National Geographic Society, National Education Association, and the Education Committee of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.



Mrs. Eliza Gracie Graves

THE girls who have taken the Kindergarten Course are those who have especially benefited by Mrs. Graves' extensive experience; they have also been greatly attracted by her charming personality.

Mrs. Graves graduated from a private school and college in southern Kentucky, as well as the Louisville Kindergarten Association. Here also, she was principal of a private kindergarten for one year. During the next four years, she was principal of the Parent-Kindergarten and supervisor of other kindergartens under the management of the Louisville Association.

During this time, Mrs. Graves was critic of the Froebelian schools of manual work for the normal training classes.

After this, she spent a number of years as training teacher in the State Normal School at Willimantic, Connecticut; and as principal of the practice kindergarten, she supervised other kindergartens in that city.

Since 1904, she has been Kindergarten training teacher in the Mark Hopkins Training school and kindergarten Primary instructor in our Normal School.

The class of 1917 is glad to have been under Mrs. Graves' sympathetic supervision.



Elizabeth V. O'Hern

MISS O'Hern was born in North Adams, where she received her education in St. Joseph's Parochial School, graduating in 1910.

Our own Normal School next welcomed her, and kept her till June 1912. Still pursuing knowledge, she went to the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and then to Simmons.

These institutions prepared her for her position in the North Adams Normal School, where she is a teacher of Domestic Arts. So the school which welcomed her as a student now is honored by having her among its instructors.



Annie C. Skeele

IF ever vigorous agility were personified, it is personified in Miss Skeele, teacher of gymnastics and hygiene. It seems as though she is indefatigable, for she is ever ready to lead classes of irrepressible girls into activities which require all the energy and vital forces of youth to accomplish.

Did anyone ever suggest anything too strenuous or too troublesome for Miss Skeele? She fairly radiates life and progressiveness.

She graduated from the State Normal School at Bridgewater, after which she studied at the Posse Gymnasium in Boston. For two years she was director of physical training at the State Normal School at Mansfield, Pa.

Since her coming to this Normal school she has succeeded in instilling into our minds that advertisements are "valuable material;" so that we feel that a natural photograph of us would be one in which we held scissors and a magazine in our hands. The magazine, to be realistic, would consist of mere ribbons of margins, framing large round or square holes!



Anna J. Lamphier

IF we were only as clever in basketry and handicraft of so many kinds as is Miss Lamphier! Surely, *her* fingers were never "all thumbs", and *her* muscles and brain always must have coördinated perfectly. How smoothly, calmly, nay unconcernedly, cane and knitting-needles or raffia slip in and out under her deft handling!

After the first few lessons, with her we, too, began to feel that the once refractory instruments of handicraft were really quite friendly after all.

Miss Lamphier studied not only in the Salem Normal School from which she graduated, but in the Sloyd Normal. She took summer courses in Boston, then in the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass.; next she went to Chautauqua School of Arts and Crafts. Wide and various was the range of her study till next we find her teaching the primary grades in Lynn, Newton, and then in North Adams at the Mark Hopkins School.

After taking her position in our normal school, she again went to the Chautauqua School of Arts and Crafts.

Now, aside from her regular duties, she has private pupils, and basketry classes at Chautauqua in the summer.



Mrs. Couch

"**M**RS. Couch, you seem to be our best friend," remarked a Senior to her one day.

"That is what I desire most to be," she replied, and that is what she always has been.

To whom do we go with tales of woe concerning lesson plans or tests? Who always gives us wisest counsel? To that dear lady our debt indeed is great.

Wherever the girls of N. A. N. S. have gone, the reputation of their beloved Mrs. Couch has spread. Students have been influenced to come to our school by stories of her kindness.

Who would knowingly hurt her? Just her "I'll take your word for it" arouses the best in each and every one.

Mrs. Couch is a graduate of Butchel College, Akron, Ohio, where the A.M. degree was conferred on her. Also, she took a special course at Edinboro Normal School.

In the high schools of Union City and Cambridge Springs, Penn., Mrs. Couch taught German and mathematics. Afterwards, she came to North Adams and became principal of Veazie St. School and, later, of Mark Hopkins School. At the opening of the Normal School and the establishment of Mark Hopkins as a training school, Mrs. Couch was made instructor of the Normal students in penmanship, child study, school organization and management. On the top floor of Mark Hopkins she meets the girls, and succeeds in tucking in many useful suggestions and bits of advice between the facts of the lessons.



Mrs. Therza Van Etten

MRS. Van Etten came to us as matron in 1915.

She attended the Oneonta, N. Y., High School, the Oneonta State Normal, Business School, and Boston School of Domestic Science.

By her many kindnesses to us all, she has won our great esteem, and has helped many a homesick or unhappy girl to a more cheerful frame of mind.

Because of her readiness to further any good cause, and to make things more homelike for all the girls, she has a warm place in our hearts.

For all that she has done for us we are profoundly grateful, and to her the Class of 1917 extends its best wishes.



Marion Howard

MISS Howard came to us in 1915 as Assistant Matron. She is a graduate of the Lexington, Mass., High School, and the Boston School of Domestic Science.

Always ready to enter into any fun, always ready to go on hikes, to go coasting or skating, she has indeed come to be loved by all the girls.

The members of the Class of 1917 leave to her best wishes for happiness.



Thomas F. Cummings

HERE we have a man, born and educated in our own city, who, as teacher of manual training, has the hard task of introducing a man's tools to a hundred or so girls. It is not what you would call "plane" sailing for him, for such hard work of it as the girls make, you never "saw." He knows how to teach them to "hit the nail on the head" without sacrificing a thumb nail, and how to do many kinds of carpentry, which, we think is very "square" of him, since the girls have to "screw" up their courage to obey a single "rule." If you have never taught girls how to do these things you cannot appreciate the difficulty of his occupation. However, he must have many occasions which keep his sense of humor in good working order.

For three years he has taught manual training to the boys of the North Adams' public schools and this year added to his work by teaching Normal girls. In 1916 he took a summer course at Columbia University.



William N. Johnson

MR. Johnson came to teach in Normal in 1912 and remained here until 1916. As Juniors we greatly enjoyed his work in handicraft. His patience must have been unlimited, as it was no small task to teach so many girls how to saw and plane boards.

Mr. Johnson took a course in mechanical engineering at the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge, Mass., and summer courses in theory at Hyannis, and in metalwork and pattern-making at Columbia University.

A year ago he left us in order to engage in business in Mattapoisett, Mass.

1917

NEWMAN

Class of 1917

Emma Mary Barrett

ADAMS, MASS.

*"It was only a cheery song,
And little it cost in giving;
But it brightened the whole day long,
And made life worth the living."*

Each morning Em rides from Adams. We must not think, however, that she would try to bribe the conductor to make his car late. Indeed it is rumored that she wept quantities of tears when obliged to miss chapel because the car and the track parted company.

A faithful member of the Glee Club and the "Emporial" society is Em. The meetings of the latter she attends generally on week days. Why? Better ask her.

One more thing must be mentioned, namely, her indiscribable laugh. No patent is necessary, as it cannot be imitated.

Almira Louise Blanchard

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"Made of wisdom and of fun,
She is virtuous, and she is fair."*

Nine o'clock A. M.! Almira has not arrived. Nine three A. M.! Almira quietly slips into her carefully picked seat in the back of the hall, and nods a good morning to all.

She is an enthusiastic worker and ever faithful to her Alma Mater, even though she will file out along with her classmates without becoming reconciled to every afternoon spent on the hill.

She is a great athletic girl and we all have to look up to her. In other ways, too, she is a great girl, first in ambition, and again in disposition.

"For conscience' sake!" Yes, there's no mistaking, that's Almira. And now for the secret: she took the Household Arts Course! Congratulations, Myra!

Lucy Lillian Blood

STAMFORD, VT.

"She hath a natural, wise sincerity; a simple truthfulness, and these have lent her a dignity as moreless as the center."

Lucy has spent two quiet years here, enjoying to the fullest extent the opportunities offered by the curriculum.

At the "Dorm," her chief diversions have been conversations and repose. Those who know her best say her conversation is worthy of a better name, and her manner itself is indicative of the last-named quality.

Lucy's soft, sweet voice is almost Quaker-like. Perhaps "like the waters still she's very deep; she knows a heap, I've found."





Catherine Beatrice Brace

SOUTH LEE, MASS.

*"Roses are red, violets blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."*

When "Cass" entered Normal School, she was emphatically one of the many lonesome ones. Her home town turned out as one, at her coming every two weeks. Reception, Hallowe'en party,—nothing could keep her at the dormitory. But in her second year one would hear "I should really just as soon *not* be going home." But,—there was a reason for this.

Catherine's greatest fault is talking in her sleep. Her greatest pleasure is derived from certain little walks to the tunnel. For this reason we can readily see why Cassie was so lonesome when the militia was called out.

Esther Elizabeth Brown

ADAMS, MASS.

*"I dare not trust these eyes,
They dance in mists and dazzle with surprise."*

"Es" is an effervescent, pleasing young person, with a lively manner and a cheerful laugh. We have heard that she is very partial to dark hair, presumably when possessed by the opposite sex. Remember, Es, that time changes all things.

Esther is one of the stars of Mr. Smith's class in history, and will, no doubt, write a book in the near future that will far outstrip all histories of to-day.

The only blot on this fair lady's life is an affliction called "oven trouble" which appears on Friday afternoons. When once this is overcome, we are confident she will have a bright and successful future.

Florence Elizabeth Brown

SHELBURNE, MASS.

*"In all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burden of others."*

Florence dwells in the midst of a hamlet known as Shelburne, where she is called "Flownie," but to us she answers readily to either "Brownie" or "Rusty;"—"Brownie" preferred. She is much in evidence in the grammar classes, especially after her return from the gay life at home. Immediately after her return, "Ford" jokes are flying about thick and fast.

When no better opportunity offers, she may be found wearing a new path around Windsor Lake.

We wish her success, and sincerely hope she will encounter no "Foggy" weather.

1917

NORMAL ALLETHE



Gladys Brown

PRESCOTT, MASS.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."*

This is what we think when "Glad" gets up in class. She always (?) knows her lesson although she sometimes hesitates because, "Everyone makes fun of the way I talk."

Glad's spare time is occupied with tending telephone and doorbell, and we wonder how she ever gets enough to eat, as she has to jump up from the table "steen dozen times" during almost every meal.

Her chief occupation seems to be finding a man for the Man Dance and rising at 4.30 A. M. to study. Well, 4.30 A. M. is a splendid time to see the sun-rise in rural districts, Glad!

Virginia Burges

PETERSHAM, MASS.

*"And when a man's in the case,
You know all other things give place."*

"Gin is our only member from Petersham. Beg pardon, Gin, did you say Worcester? She is always ready with a smile and a friendly word. Often has she admitted her preference for a room with west winds. It is whispered that her heart is in the highlands, and for that reason we should not be surprised to hear that she was making use of her Household Arts Course, in which she has been a shining star.

"Now fare ye well, an' joy be wi' you."

Margaret Buzzell

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Peggy reminds us of a laughing, dancing sunbeam. Gaily she trips along through life, as if it were all one big joke to laugh at. She is so small and light that no one would imagine what a huge lunch box she needs. But then, she has such fun in passing her lunch around to others. By the way, whence come all those chocolates which "Harold" her approach?

What "Peg" will do without "Crewsie" and Alice, next year, we know not. Perhaps she will some day teach in New York, and lead a life consisting of one good time after another.

But wherever she goes, we know that sunshine and fun will go with her.

1917

NORMAL ALUMNIE



Catherine Louise Carney

GREENFIELD, MASS.

*"With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end."*

"Cat" is one of the popular girls in the dormitory, but not all of her popularity is with her own sex. Ask Jimmie. If any of the girls are invited out, they always go to Cat to be fixed up. She seems to take great pleasure in doing things for the girls that will make them happier, often denying herself to please others. As for cheerfulness, no one has ever seen anything but a smile on Catherine's face since she entered N. A. N. S. We feel sure that her sweet disposition will bring her success.

Sarah Josephine Carolan

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"They knew her by her blue eyes
And floating hair of gold."*

Sal is one of our Pittsfield girls. She is tall, but she does not like to have people mention the fact, for she imagines she has reached the proportions of a giant. She has light hair, rosy cheeks, and a smile to fit any occasion. Sal is very speedy, as you would agree if you could see her running for the car. During her two years at Normal she has consumed vast quantities of salted peanuts. We hear that while Sarah was staying in North Adams for a few weeks the "Wendell" had to order an extra supply of chickens. When some of the girls went over to Williamstown, several of them found the trip quite troublesome, but we understand that Sarah is perfectly willing to go again.

Helen Gertrude Carswell

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"Among the members of our class
We find this young, sweet, winsome lass."*

Helen, or Cassie, as she is commonly called, is one of our athletic girls. She has made a name for herself in the gymnasium, and, when playing guard, everyone tries to avoid her.

When Helen elected the Household Arts Course this year, she kept us guessing for a time. We soon learned that they like good cooks in Vermont. Although she made a record for herself in losing the 8 A. M. car very frequently on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Cassie soon regained the lost moments.

1917

NORMAN ACADEMY

Anna Elizabeth Casey

LENOX, MASS.

*"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair."*

Perhaps she is quiet and reserved, but her gay laugh has often been heard to ring out during study (?) hour.

Anna excels in gym. In a game of "stationary," Miss Skeele's approving "That's right, Miss Casey" is heard several times.

Altho this maiden is not one of our champion disputants, she has some very, very decided opinions. Movies, skating and dancing are among her favorite pastimes.

Her common sense and good judgment may always be relied upon, and she is unswervingly faithful in her friendships.



Lyle Bertha Chandler

AMHERST, MASS.

*"A girl who has so many wilful ways,
She would have caused Job's patience to forsake him;
Yet so rich in all that's girlhood's praise,
Did Job himself upon her goodness gaze,
A little better she would surely make him."*

"Lylabus" is a little thing and she would be still shorter without her "Gibson" neck. Her chief pleasure is arguing against woman-suffrage. Recently she has been talking in her sleep and has made such remarks as "Are you sure you want it done in purple, George?"

Lyle's greatest weakness is her peculiar fondness for "early" tomatoes, but she will doubtless overcome it when she teaches in the little kindergarten of which she is dreaming.



Sarah Esther Clarke

LYONSVILLE, MASS.

Tho' head of Student Council,
And in the Glee Club, too,
And on the Editorial Staff
Still to her work she's true.

And when arrived the masquerade,
Just guess "who" if you can,
For towering there among us
Was one good, proper man.

About her beaux, not one of us
Has ever heard "Sal" tell,
Yet we're quite positive she thinks
A certain "Ford" runs well.

Kind hearted, true and cheery,
This little, tiny (?) gal;
And in this class of '17
Who's more beloved than "Sal?"



1917

NEWMARKET



Theresa Conlon

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"I dare not trust these eyes,
They dance in mists and dazzle with surprise."*

When Tese starts to recite, you may be sure there is a good laugh coming, for she couldn't be serious if she tried. Though she has not worn herself to a shadow studying, she has managed to "get by" with credit to spare.

Nor have her other talents failed of appreciation, for she is one of our basket ball captains and a member of the Glee Club. With all her accomplishments, we feel sure she will be successful in her chosen profession, though we wonder if she will follow it long!

Maud May Coons

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"Above a heart more good and kind,
Her goodness and her worth to spy."*

Maud, generous Maudie! How many school tickets has she loaned to bankrupt friends, who returned them about six months later, without even one per cent interest? I dare not tell, for fear of shaming the borrowers.

Neither is she afraid to work. At lunch time, it was she that made the cocoa, she that set the table, she that served, and she that swept. But why so much interest manifested in such household tasks? We have thought, and we still think!

Whenever there is fun, Maud is usually in the midst of it, although quite unobtrusive.

Here's to Maud, now and always!

Marie Elizabeth Corcoran

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

*"True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good,—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."*

Marie can always be trusted, and knows the secrets of her many friends. Also, she is very tender-hearted and a comfort to all when life's burdens seem too much to bear.

Marie is fond of figs, but likes dates better. She goes down town often after school for candy and ice-cream, as we are led to suppose.

Try to picture her in a remote, rural school in Vermont! We all wish her success in whatever she undertakes.

1917

NORMAL LIFE

Mildred Ethel Crews

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"She's clever and popular and pretty
Most vivacious and decidedly witty."*

Would you believe this to be "Crewsie," who traveled from "Old Drury" two short years ago? Needless to say, she is one of our most popular girls, and is also one of our basket-ball captains.

Her peculiar little grunt, which is generally followed by a giggle, had, no doubt, a great influence in deciding the vote of the Glee Club, when she became a member.

Mildred took the H. A. course, and, if you don't believe it, just ask for a sample of her gingerbread. "Nuff sed!"



Anastatia Catherine Crowther

FALL RIVER, MASS.

*"Her smile lends brightness to the day,
If we but catch its fleeting ray
We fail to sense the load we bear."*

Somehow or other Anna heard of our wonderful school, and in February, 1916, she joined us. We were glad she did, for we soon found that she was ever smiling and cheerful. Who has seen her when she did not have a smile and a pleasant word for all?

When we see her read her "male" we think most of her letters are "bills." Next to geography, she likes cooking, and she declares, as she carefully mixes a cake or ponders over a "bill" of fare, "Well, if this be madness, there's a method in it."



Cecilia Marie Doherty

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"A presence to be felt and known
In darkness as in light."*

For two short years "Ceil" has wandered quietly through our halls, and, although her voice is gentle, we can occasionally hear her call, "Coming home now?" "Ci-Ci" has no great liking for books and when opportunity offers we may see her at one of the countless (?) places of amusement in town. "Ceil" has taken a particular liking to dancing of late, and, although we do not know why, we feel sure that there is some reason underlying this sudden fancy.

Next year we shall be able to visit Ceil's school on the mountainside where with dignity she will preside as school-mistress.



1917

NORMAL ALUMNAE

Frances Agnes Doherty

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."*

"Fran" is one of our girls who can always be relied upon, especially when one is looking for any equipment which by chance (yes, only by chance) might be found lacking in one's own desk.

Quiet and demure as she appears to strangers, yet in Gym she seems quite dangerous. Oh! those baskets that she makes!

"Fran" often attends early morning church, and we have heard that she makes a similar effort to be present at the movies on Friday evening.



Anastacia Helen Donoban

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."*

After refusing a traveller's agency for Cheney Silk Ann came to Normal with her winning ways and pleasant disposition, greeting all her classmates with her cheerful smiles. She is a favorite with both sexes, and has a peaches-and-cream complexion which we all admire.

Ana's favorite pastime is taking long strolls. Whether she goes alone or not is still a mystery to the girls. We wonder why Williams College has such attractions for her.

Luck be thy constant friend, Ana!



Anna Teresa Driscoll

WINDSOR, MASS.

*"And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and graceful element."*

Anna is the girl from the wilds of Windsor. You would never suspect her ability to tell such funny stories. Yes, Anna is really witty.

As one hard worker who tried to have our class-book a success, Anna must be mentioned, for she secured from a native of her town a donation which did not pay for the book, but helped—a little!

Anna thinks that she will make folk dancing a specialty! She says it is going to be *the* thing in the future.

We all have found Ann to be a true classmate, and we are sure, because of her sterling qualities, that she will be successful as a teacher.



1917

NORMAL ALLELE



Helen Agnes Duntrey

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"A beauteous maiden, resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair."*

We might add to the above quotation a great many things about beauty, and have them true. But then, her picture is here, and we can look at that and remember her rosy cheeks.

Though she is cordial and friendly enough with us, we hear sad tales of how cold and distant she can be while walking near a certain neighboring college. She doesn't seem to care for automobiles, but prefers a "coach."

Alice Genevieve Dunn

POWNA, VT.

"Always busy and also happy"

A year ago, Alice left the little town of Pownal in search of education and finally settled at Normal. She is seen very often in North Adams visiting the Public Library as she says, but we think she meditates about Drury's new building. We wonder why.

Her hobby is catching the car. We know she succeeds for promptly at eight o'clock she enters the Household Arts class with a well prepared lesson.

Next year will probably find Ally teaching in her own little school where, for the sake of discipline, we hope she will keep that dimple hidden.

Agnes Gertrude Durnin

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"There is something in your friendship
That has stood through many a test,
Giving me a sense of safety,
Of sincerity and rest,—
Friend of mine, my whole life through
I'll be glad that I met you."*

Although quiet and demure, Agnes is one of our dependable girls, earnest, industrious and self-reliant. In Junior year, many a classmate, guided by her star, finished a math lesson, and turned away blessing the possessor of such knowledge.

Underneath her coat of seriousness, however, is a bit of dry humor, which a few of her associates have been fortunate enough to find.



Anne Fallon

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"When you do dance, I wish you were a wave o' the sea,
That you might ever do nothing but that."*

Anne has such an even disposition, that serious disagreement with her is impossible.

When Anne's name is mentioned to any of her friends, there arises instantly in their minds, a vision of her gliding over a waxed floor, which gliding she likewise imitates by "waxing eloquent" on the class room floor. During Senior year, she has proved very efficient at tickling the ivories for Glee Club.

If success attained at Normal is a fair indication, Anne is sure of success in the future.

Katherine Eulalia Flynn

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"Her hand is ready and willing."

We hardly know when Katherine is near, and yet we do know when she isn't near. If anything must be borrowed everyone goes directly to Katherine. She would divide her only pencil with anyone who asked her to do so.

Promptly on the minute, she meets Isabel in the morning and they walk to school together. She is quiet,—but she likes company as she goes through life.

We can imagine her pupils waiting next year to walk home with their teacher.

Ethel May Garland

GREENFIELD, MASS.

*"Courageous, faithful and true
In everything she may do."*

Ethel is one of our four girls from Greenfield. She proceeded immediately to establish her reputation of great wisdom and common sense. Often she has tried to point out to us the error of our ways. Perhaps her failure to impress us more deeply is due to the misbehavior of those gray eyes. We think perhaps "Dorm" life would be rather monotonous for her, were it not for certain letters arriving at stated intervals.

Her favorite occupation seems to be "looking out for the other fellow" and because of this we will ever be interested in all that she does.

1917

NORMAL ALLELE



Esther May Geer

HINSDALE, MASS.

"May we do as well in the future as we have in the past."

Nicknames—"Eth-ther;" "Tettie"

Esther wandered into our class from that place with the aristocratic name, Hinsdale. Her firm belief is that there is no place like home and mother, for every week-end, no matter what the season or the weather, she is seen wending her way homeward. Esther is a speed girl in some respects, for she possesses a wonderful intellect, and apparently spends so little time in getting her lessons that she is the envy of the rest of us, who do likewise, but with far different results.

"Tettie" believes that there is no friend like a good book, but although she is such a famous bookworm, yet she never reads at the wrong time; no, not even during Study Hour (?) In fact, we might say that Esther never did anything at the wrong time, not even indulging in a spread (?) in the wee, small hours of a night previous to vacation.

Esther is noted for the noise she didn't make during her normal school life.

Favorite occupation—going home week-ends.

Doris Isabelle Gould

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"Three stories high, and full of fun."
"Our Baby"*

Our first impression of "Gouly" is that she is very quiet, industrious and undemonstrative. Upon better acquaintance, we discover a wide-awake, unselfish and lovable companion.

That Doris is bright, is indicated by the fact that she is the youngest member of the class. Probably her daily walk accounts for her excellent spirits and genuine zeal in everything she undertakes, from teaching to playing basketball, which she greatly enjoys.

"Gouly" is usually good-natured, becoming angry only when presidential elections are discussed. But they come only once in four years, so cheer up!

Marion Irene Waight

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"Ye gods! annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy."*

Marion is one of the several Pittsfield girls who makes life at Normal what it should be. We have been fortunate enough to have her in the "dorm" during our Senior year.

She was uncertain as to whether she preferred to attend school in a certain New Hampshire town or in Worcester, so she compromised and came to North Adams.

Her favorite study is "Lit," for there she can give "Some Scattering Remarks of Bub's" without being hushed into silence by inconsiderate young ladies.

Our heartiest wish is that she will have great happiness.

1917

NORMAL ALLEMANE



Margaret Lucie Halloran

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

*"Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue."*

In describing "Peg," we must tell you that she is Wise and very "Frank," the latter being one of her most prominent characteristics. Although especially fond of towers, "Peg" doesn't long for beautiful mansions. If she is not to be found in 35, she is usually at 8411. It is said that some people have to pay extra 'phone bills on her account. "Peg" is not only a social star, but also a good scholar. She is ever willing to help anyone in need, and indeed we often go to her for advice.

Mora Pauline Haskins

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"What matter if the world go wrong?
She has the happy gift
To see the good that's in the way,
And give the rest a lift."*

For two years Mora has cheerfully glided along with books (?) under her arm, taking things as they came. This policy has worked admirably in her case, for she has been one of the lucky few to get A's at the training schools. However, let it be known that she doesn't sit up every night to study; moreover, she loves to be teased by her chum to skip to the movies, which they attend as "Hench and Hask," the heavenly twins.

Mora makes a very eloquent speaker in the hall. On the stage she has the ability to omit the middle of a poem with no one's being the wiser.

Will she be an old maid school marm? Never!

Grace Margaret Henchey

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Blithely and serenely Grace has daily made the rounds from West Main St. to the school and back again. Blithely, why not? Precisely at the same hour as her starting does not an individual with the cognomen Bob leave his home in the Normal district? Nothing would be more natural than that these two should meet. Hence come Grace's buoyant spirits which not even lesson plans can dampen.

We would have it known that Grace expects to win first prize for the gracefulness with which she turns somersaults in the gymnasium! ! !

1917

NEWMALLET



Matilda Ida Hettlinger

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

*"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."*

Tillie hails from Boston. She is decidedly an athletic girl having starred in basket-ball all through her course, and upheld the record which she brought with her from High School.

When Tillie came to us, she was hardly worldly wise, but after being "Chas"tized (not unpleasantly), her lack of sophistication has quite disappeared.

Although "Till" has taken the Kindergarten Course, we often wonder why she did not take H. A., for truly the application of such knowledge will be necessary. The best wishes of the class will accompany her throughout her teaching career.

Rose Frances Hickey

LENOX, MASS.

*"Forget you? well if forgetting
Be thinking all the day
How the long hours drag since you left us,
Days seem years with you away."*

Can we forget Rose, the girl who is always so merry and cheerful? Think of history class without her, for when all other faces appear blank, who but Rose comes to the rescue?

Very brave is she, especially when a spread is to be held in a distant room, for she will valiantly lead the timid Juniors to the place of the feast without any hesitation.

It is hard to believe, as Rose is not a frivolous person, but she has a mania for trying on borrowed garments and parading about the corridors of the dormitory in them. There is no need of saying that the best wishes of the class go with her.

Annie Elizabeth Hilton

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

*"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."*

Annie first won fame early in the Junior year, when she became known throughout the class for ease, skill, and notable self-control in basket-ball.

One of Annie's favorite studies is art. Who but she ever heard of calling a bright yellow a burnt orange? Such is the case when speaking of a certain Ford.

When you want to know some particulars about the New England States, just ask Annie, for she has lived in most of them. This year her attention is centered in Connecticut.

*"In every work that she began
She did it with all her heart."*



Helen Mary Hoag

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Slow but steady wins the race."

Helen is one of our Normalites who travels daily on the electrics. How fortunate for her that she must travel on the west-side ear line! At two o'clock on pleasant afternoons she may be seen trudging down Church street under the heavy strain of her school bag, headed for the 4:30 car. We wonder where she stops for that intervening short interval?

Just a hint to her classmates! If anyone of you is short of a lesson plan, look between the windowsill and the window on one of the aforesaid cars! It may do some good!

Eleanore Gladys Hohner

GREENFIELD, MASS.

*"Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth,—"*

"Honey" is one of the four girls from Greenfield. With her, it is always a case of work before pleasure. Then, hur"ray" for sliding, though she does not lean the "right" way. One of Eleanor's hobbies, until she bought her small hat, was wearing her large one, tipped to an angle of 45°.

We wonder if she will take a position in Stamford, or apply for work at Hunter's?

At any rate, a bright future surely awaits one who has been so faithful in her school work. I can now hear this little maid say, "Is that so?"

Florence Marion Hoyt

CHESHIRE, MASS.

*"Twenty years old is little Flossy;
Twenty years older still she seems,
With her busy eyes and fingers,
And her grown-up thoughts and schemes."*

Each day, Flossy comes from Cheshire with her bag full of books. Some one greets her with, "Know your grammar lesson?" Flossy answers "No," but when in class she can answer any question with a "Well, I should think—" or "It must be—"

If one could spy upon her in her odd moments, he would find her either reading "Judge" or engaged in deep meditation. A certain "Otho" from York State supplies her with this material for her day dreams.

1917

NEWMALLET



Hazel Marion Hunt

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!"*

This little, dark-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, comes every morning from Pittsfield to join our ranks.

During the paralysis epidemic, Hazel stayed in North Adams where, to be sure, there are many attractions, but she found it very lonesome on Sunday evenings. Hence on week-ends she traveled to her beloved Pittsfield.

She used to have a fondness for "Art," but now she seems interested in draughting,—perhaps because of the teacher.

She has been told that she has chosen the wrong profession. Is there any insinuation?

Night and day she is haunted by the fear of being fat, and looks indignantly at the scales, feeling sure they are wrong.

Estelle Marie Jerou

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"To be merry, best becomes you, for out of question you were born
in a merry hour."*

Here is a girl who is as jolly and light-hearted as anyone could wish. Never is the time wasted which is spent in travel, for Stella diligently (?) pursues her studies on the car, especially on Monday mornings. One of her hobbies is zoology, where her interest is particularly centered about the "Spider Web."

If you think Stell isn't acquainted with geography, just ask her where the Clyde (River) is situated. It is a question whether Household Arts wouldn't have done her as much good as the Kindergarten Course, for it might be of more practical use.

Ruth Magdalen Joyce

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."*

No quotation applies to Ruth as the above, for she is surely a home-lover. During the epidemic of infantile paralysis in Pittsfield, it was necessary for her to stay at North Adams, and she was almost heartbroken, but has managed to survive.

One of Joyce's daily diversions is coming up in her "electric." She adores "Gym", and is quite strong for "Art."

Ruth is so meek about everything, that an outsider might think she were fretting about her studies, but Sarah could tell a different story.

Without a doubt, Ruth's happy disposition will endear her to her "young hopefuls", as it has to us.

1917 NORMAL ALLEINE



Agnes Frances Keefe

SOUTH SHAFTSBURY, VT.

*"Pretty to walk with,
Witty to talk with."*

Isn't it strange that Aggie is taking the Household Arts Course? And yet she tells us that she wouldn't look at a man.

If anyone would like a good business manager for "spreads," we can highly recommend Agnes, as she has had considerable experience in that line.

Aggie is one of our brightest and merriest girls. She has a smile for everyone, and is always ready to give help to those who need it. The class of 1917 extends its best wishes for a successful teaching career.

Rose Rebecca Kells

GREENFIELD, MASS.

"Everything comes to her who waits."

Rose is a very agreeable girl with a southern drawl (where did you get it, Rose?), which is very pleasing to the ear.

Rose likes a good time and is always ready to enter into all the fun, isn't she, Velores?

Football games and dances are her favorite pastimes. She likes especially to go to them when they are held in Adams. And oh! those "man dances!" "Lee"-ve them alone she can't not!

The class bequeaths to her an alarm clock in the hope that she will use it to advantage next year.

Frances Wood Kinne

HOUSATONIC, MASS.

*"If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."*

Frances changes with the weather. Sometimes we find her all happiness and fun, and other times we wonder if she is planning to be a deaconess. Some day she expects, as a teacher, to extend her wisdom to the poor "whites" in Kentucky.

Fran, Frank, Friseo, Kinne, Skin, Skinne, are but a few of her names and she lets you choose whichever you wish.

Some of the spreads in Room 10 are never to be forgotten.

We shall miss her musical laugh.

1917

NEWMARKET



Isabel Larkin

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"A flower of comedy."

Not only can the Marcus Musical Company boast of a humorous "Izzy," but we can also, in the person of Izzy Larkin. There is an outward sign which always distinguishes her, and that is a fresh white collar. Perhaps the reader does not think these white collars important, but they really are.

Although our little Quaker girl affords a great deal of fun for us, Isabel is always ready with a Content, Material, and Method,—her specialty. For two years she has favored the Glee Club with her melodious voice, and we are looking forward to the day when the Victor people will discover her.

Agnes Lashway

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful and simply dressed."*

Quietly and steadily, Agnes has trod the path which leads to her calling. Never have we seen her cross, nor anything but cheerful. Amid the trials and tribulations of lesson plans and refractory chair seats, she calmly proceeds to smile and sing as always. Her smile is dimpled, and her song is a sweet, high soprano melody which secured for her unquestioned admission to the Glee Club.

As no deep circles darken her eyes, we know she needs little sleep, for dances usually mean sleepy eyes for most of us on the "morning after the night before."

Her favorite expression is, "I've only one mo' ribber to cross."

Ella Lebenson

HOLYOKE, MASS.

*"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,"*

Here is one of our basketball captains, and a jolly comrade, too. She has no nickname, though she might be called "Levvy," short for levity!

Back in the dark ages, we are sure her ancestors were musicians, because, when asked a question, Ella says, "huh," beginning on "do" and ascending the scale to the question mark! Needless to say she supports the Glee Club with her strong alto.

Of course there are rumors of letters from Springfield carefully concealed, but, on the other hand, we are sure we heard someone say, "We were out till one-thirty A. M. election night."

We sincerely hope Ella will be impartial, and urge her pupils to vote for *all* the presidential candidates in 1920!

1917 NORMAL ALMA MATER



Olive Lewis

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"How lady-like, how queen-like she appears."

Olive is boon companion of the twins, Hench and Hask. Together, they stroll to school; together they discuss what he said and what she said, and together they support the theaters of North Adams.

Outsiders know little of the wonderful secrets of the trio but we guess at some of them.

She loves Gym (?) and expects to be an expert tight-rope walker some-day, walking from one aeroplane to another.

We suspect that the Normal School is but a stepping-stone in her path to some other vocation which she has in mind, and that another kind of school may claim her soon.

Dorothy Allaire Lynch

HATFIELD, MASS.

*"To those who know thee not, no words can paint
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."*

Our ● is known as the most ambitious girl in the North Adams Normal School. In her Senior year, she decided to study H. A., but just why, we are still very curious to find out. For two years she has been a member of the Glee Club, and on numerous occasions has entertained us with a deep musical voice, calling down the hall, "Le-na!"

We hear indirectly that she is very fond of riding to Bishop in Fords, and that she insists always upon the front seat.

What she received on the Christmas tree, we well remember, and it is the sincere hope of everyone that all her Days will be perfect like this one.

Alice Elizabeth MacArthur

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"Whom all eyes followed with one consent
The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent."*

Nick name: "Al".

Here we have a very timid little blue-eyed girl, a good example of "Innocence Abroad." When in class, one would imagine she were weak, but she can change if occasion demands.

She has had the honor of being our class secretary for two years, and has faithfully carried out her duties.

For this fair damsel, high school has many attractions. She is noted for her soft, merry laugh, which can be heard all over the "Dorm."

The best wishes of 1917 go with you, dear Al.

1917

NORMAL ALLELE

Margaret Mary Mack

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"It is chance that makes brothers, but hearts that make friends."

"I sat up till three o'clock this morning, working on authors' books!" Poor Margaret, you are not the only one who burned the midnight electricity! But cheer-up, you will be glad to have authors' books next year, when you are stranded on a desert island, such as a rural community. Perhaps you will read them yourself to break the monotony.

That sounds like a dull program, but no place will be dull when you are in it. Your shiny, curly hair will "brighten the corner where you are."

Mary Elizabeth Macksey

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

Oh, sweet and good-natured Macksey,
You're so jolly and so true;
You're always so kind and loving,
That you make us all love you.

A friendly, unselfish girl you are,
So they tell us, Mary, dear,
To meet, you're as sweet as the roses,
And we're happy when you're near.

You're always so quick to laugh, "Maek,"
But in gym you reach the height;
Though some people know it not, "May,"
We all glory in your might.

Next year in your schoolroom, Mary,
Think of us, your classmates, too;
Forget not the class you loved once,
And the class who e'er loves you.

Mary Elizabeth MacLaren

ADAMS, MASS.

*"Her hair is like curling mist
That climbs the mountain side at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
An' she has twa' sparkling roguish een."*

Here comes Mary! Hats off! She is indeed the most popular girl in our class, which fact is fully attested by her having been Junior class president and unanimously re-elected in the Senior year. Much hard work has been the accompaniment of her office, but there is compensation in everything, for occasionally we see two brilliants (?) together. There are sometimes other compensations, as when a notice appears on the bulletin board, signed with due authority, and howling for class dues. The next day, the president sports new tortoise-shell-spees!

Her voice is worthy the Glee Club membership which she holds.

We shall never forget the first day we caught the gleam of that diamond. Old maid school-marms are not in her line!



1917

NORMAL ALPHEINE

Nellie Eliza Mann

WILMINGTON, VT.

*"Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate."*

So here is Nell, our classmate, one of the truest friends ever a girl could have! If anyone is feeling blue, to whom does she go? Why to Nell, of course. Although she never troubles others with her cares, she is always ready to share the burdens of her friends.

*"I can't explain the art,
But I know her for my own,
Because her lightest tone
Wakes an echo in my heart."*

Lillian Anita Morier

ADAMS, MASS.

*"To hear her sing,—to hear her sing—
It is to hear the birds of spring."*

Lillian is one of our classmates who came to us from Adams. "Lil's" arrival was not heralded by a brass band or chorus, for that was quite unnecessary. Her own vocal talent soon proclaimed the fact that "She" was at Normal. As a result of this power she was chosen a member of the Glee Club.

Those who have never played with or against our basketball captain, will say that she is gentle—but—ask an opponent about her "guarding!"

Shall we ever forget those lonely days in the lunch-room when she was absent? Ah, but when she returned, what thrilling tale did we hear! It was all about Little Red Riding Hood, Bridget and a convent. What More(ly) could one ask for?

Dorothy Helen Morris

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"I know a little damsel
As light of foot as th' air,
And with smile as gay
As th' sun of th' May,
And clouds of auburn hair."*

We must admit that Dorothy's hair is a very beautiful shade of reddish brown, but it should be real brick color to go with the sparks that sometimes fly about. Dodo is one of our merry little butterflies and we expect to see her some day imitating Mrs. Vernon Castle or some other noted danseuse.

Dot's two favorites are Poodles and Mrs. Van Etten. She always goes home to see Poodles. Her special delicacies are macaroni and cheese and prunes (?). We hope that these articles of diet will be the favorites of her boarding mistress next year!





Elizabeth Frances Mulcare

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!
How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky."*

Here we have Elizabeth, the first, last, and only girl in the class called by that name. In some intuitive way, the Glee Club divined that she had had much practice in correspondence, so chose her for its secretary.

During her Senior year, Elizabeth has been guided by an outside force—a "Ray" of light, and perhaps this is why she so thoroughly understood that subject in geography.

Marie Florence Nash

CHESHIRE, MASS.

*"I know her by her laughing air,
Her bright blue eyes and dark brown hair."*

Marie has been one of the dependable girls of 1917, in school-work, Glee Club, basketball and class meetings.

She possesses a charming voice, and this, together with her efficient manner of handling affairs as leader of the Glee Club, has made rehearsals pleasant, and the girls confident to go before the musical critics of the community.

Marie has proved herself a "Starr," at basketball but draws the "Curtains" at taking walks during Gym.

She has been elected to write the Class Will, and we hope she will leave some of her good nature to the Juniors.

Marie would like to teach in Amherst.

Hazel Anna Nichols

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"Neglecting worldly things, and dedicated to the bettering of my
mind." (?!?)*

Do you remember when we first opened our eyes and found "Nick?" It was after she lost all that weight which she used to have!

To see her hustling around the building from 8.45 to 5.20,— we allow her the odd moments for the friendly chats she considers necessary,— one might think that "Nick" was one of our worst pluggers; but remember, that when four out of five school nights are devoted to social activities, it seems necessary "to throw a bluff," at least, the next day.

"Nick" has a wonderful sense of humor; in fact, she scents a joke almost before it is out.

She says she's for Wilson, so we infer she means the President, though perhaps —————?



Agnes Louise O'Neill

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"A cheerful burst of laughter,
A merry squeak of song,
Without our little Chubby
How could we get along?"*

Agnes is one of our favorite girls, and wherever you go, you may be sure to hear her merry voice echoing thru the halls.

As a Junior, she was elected captain of one of our basketball teams, and made such a good record for us that we were eager to re-elect her the following year.

Gymnastics is her favorite subject, into which Agnes puts her whole heart and soul, and the side which she plays on is sure to win. We expect to hear of great triumphs accomplished by "Ag."

Lena Bardwell Otis

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

*"When I cannot have my way,
I must no ill-will display,
But must learn to bend my will,
And be kind and gentle still."*

Nick name—"Lean."

Favorite expression—"I should worry."

Now, would you know what distinguishes her? A great heart, full to over-flowing, and constantly planning and devising for those she loves. Before you know it, she has found out your tastes, your longings, your needs; and also before you know it, the skies seem to be dropping down all kinds of things for your comfort and pleasure. Cheerful, strong, full of hope,—what better companion could be found than she?

Flossie Adele Pearson

HOLYOKE, MASS.

*"It was only a glad 'Good-morning'
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live long day."*

How many homesick Juniors, I wonder, were cheered by Flossie, with her pleasant smile and word?

As a Junior, we feared that this Holyoke girl was going to be shy and retiring, but she has shown us that we were mistaken.

"Floss" and her room-mate daily patronize the Wilson House Drug Store, Spaulding's Bakery, and, to be quite "Frank," Apothecary Hall.

We need not delve into her future, because Pownal has already prophesied Flossie's fate.

1917

NORMAL ALUMNIE

Anna Ballard Marce Pritchard

MANCHESTER, N. H.

"As long as I can speak a word or wag a finger, I won't admit I'm crushed."

Nickname—"Stubby."

Anna is one of the happy, good-natured girls of 1917. Although her most common expression is, "Oh, I'm so tired!" she usually manages to complete her daily lessons. Failing to do this at night, she will be at work bright and early the following morning. It is a common thing, as you walk down the hall, to see a "5.30 sign" on her door.

If she keeps at her task in her school in the "West" as well as she has kept at her studies in Normal School, we know she will succeed.

Helen Reed

DALTON, MASS.

"Friends slowly won are long held."

Helen was one of our demure girls. At the beginning of our school life, one would often hear her referred to as, "that quiet girl from Dalton."

Daily, Helen wended her way up through the Berkshires to Normal, where she spent every moment in the pursuit of knowledge.

Being one of the twelve members of the kindergarten department, Helen learned much about the interests of little children, which she says, we shall see exemplified upon visiting her kindergarten.

We all wish her success!

Anna Cecelia Reimann

PERU, MASS.

"Her life was earnest work, not play."

Anna is a quiet, friendly girl who all too seldom finds time to visit her neighbors. In fact, her favorite expression is, "I guess I'll go and study!"

A while ago she was often called to the telephone, but we hope it was only an order for bulbs. For her, the monotony of institution life is broken by the occasional sight of a certain Royal youth and frequent glances at that lovely diamond necklace.

Anna has won our greatest respect, and we all wish her success, and hope that she will always find someone to carry her suit-case.



1917

NEWMARKET

Madeline Vesta Robbins

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Deep sworn faith, peace, amity."

Madeline is one of the few quiet, studious girls of our class. In fact, she is so very quiet that one would scarcely think that she was paying attention in class. At almost any time one will find her busily bent over her desk, studying; consequently, she rarely fails in a recitation. There are people who say little and think much, and Madeline is one of them. If we wished to qualify her with some adjective, we would say that modest was apropos.

However, she can enjoy a joke if there is one. Ask Ethel.

Madeline is very fond of foreign languages, some of which she is studying. Perhaps the day will come when she will be an instructress in a college for girls.



Ethel Chase Robinson

READING, MASS.

"Just to be tender, just to be true;

Just to be glad the whole day through."

Although you have been with us such a little while during these two years, Ethel, we know that you have been in sympathy with our work from the first, and have tried your best to use your opportunities to gain the knowledge and friendship, which the members of the Faculty have offered to us as a class and as individuals. You have been a conscientious worker among us, and we know that the above quotation might well have been your motto during your sojourn here. We wish you success, and hope your diligence may be rewarded with just the position you may desire.



Emma Rudnick

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

*"Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings."*

Who is it that we see trailing into the building at about 8.45 every morning, with smiling face and welcome word for all, and with lessons always (?) carefully prepared? Emma Rudnick, of course!

She has shown her strength as a basketball player. This year "Em" was elected captain, an honor to be proud of.

One fault, however, she has; namely, a passion for pretty bows. Nearly every morning at the beginning of chapel exercises, "Em" begins to fix that bow, a subject on which Mr. Murdock often gives us twenty-minute talks.

She is a true and loyal friend, ever ready to be of service to others. No one has ever seen her "rage and fume," for she always sees the silver lining in every cloud. We hope she will continue to see the "silver" even next year when she receives her munificent salary.



1917

NEWMARKET

Ethel Hill Sackett

WESTFIELD, MASS.

*"Forth trips a laughing dark-eyed lass,
To intercept us as we pass."*

If you ever think you hear a dog's bark at the "Dorm," rest assured 'tis only Ethel. She never bites; sometimes she nips, but we forget all about it after one look from those innocent brown eyes. She is a fine pet to have around, although she sometimes makes things lovely!

Nickname: "My father calls me Migi."

Favorite occupations: barking, sniffing camphor, telling jokes, looking forward to the fourteenth of February.

Favorite sayings: "Makes me so mad," and, "As my father says."

Greatest ambitions: To teach a Fourth Grade and to own a chicken farm.



Elizabeth Alice Sheehan

EASTHAMPTON, MASS.

"Our days are better lighted by loving smiles than by sun."

If anyone wishes to know from which room the noise and fun issue, just knock on Bessie's door. Bess is one of our jolly, good-natured girls, always ready to enter into any mischief, even to ringing the dinner-bell at 9.30 P. M., and—you may depend upon it—Bess will never "squeal."

This year she seems greatly interested in Windsor Lake, whither she frequently walks. Ask her why.

When she receives a box from home, all the girls flock to her room, to share the contents with her.

Favorite expressions: "Oh! I'm so tiresome!"
"You're not mad, are you?"



Margaret Catherine Sheehan

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

"Fair is she to behold, this maiden of seventeen summers."

Margaret, better known as Peggy, came to us from "Old Drury." Peg is especially anxious to recite in history class about the "Gorry" battles, a tendency which is quite unusual in so timid a maiden.

Margaret is even more popular outside of school than in. At all the balls and dances Peggy can be seen tripping the light fantastic. Her culinary efforts are marked with great success in Miss Sholes' class, as well as at home, a fact which indicates that this maid is up-to-date, since she practices the doctrine of preparedness.



1917

NEWMALLET

Harriet Susan Smith

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

*"We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs."*

We see Harriet coming down the corridor with a huge pile of books under one arm, and we are already wondering what exciting news she has to tell. "Oh, for a good salad or a banana royal!" is her cry.

If Harriet is not crocheting, she is knitting, and if she is not knitting, she is crocheting. Her highest ambition is to be librarian at the Congressional Library in Washington, and we hope that she will obtain that position, if no one claims her heart and hand before that time.



Alettha Halstead Stiles

GREAT BARRINGTON, MASS.

*"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
She kept the even tenor of her way."*

This surely may be said of "Lettie," the quiet, demure miss who came to us from Great Barrington, late in the fall of 1915. When you ask Lettie her favorite occupation, she is likely to say either "hair dressing" or "dancing," therefore, in order that she may not miss any of the delights of life, she is often called on by her friends to show her skill in the former before enjoying the latter at a "man dance."

During Lettie's Junior year, her trips to Williamstown were her greatest diversion, but in her Senior year, she became of a literary turn of mind and her "Letters to the Border" proved far more entertaining than "Billtown" journeys.



Candida Veronica Tadiello

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
She is fooling thee!"*

She is sweet as her name, is famous for cooky-making, and on every subject always has a thought which is the exact one needed at the moment. Because of her morning walks in the crisp winter air, she has a clear brain and rosy cheeks which we would all do well to strive for. Perhaps we shall drop in some day next year, Candida, and find a roomful of rosy, healthy youngsters, ruled by a rosy, healthy teacher.



1917

NORMAL ALUMNI



Loretta Louise Troy

WEST STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

*"If she will, she will,
You can depend on 't,
And if she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on't."*

"Babe" joined us in 1915. At one time we were afraid of losing her, because she seemed to think it impossible to stay away from the metropolis of West Stockbridge.

She is very fond of athletics and many a night, after half past nine, she descends to the gym for a lively game of stationary. Gym (Jim) is her particular hobby, both here and at home.

Loretta is studious, and owing to her interest in geology, you may often observe her examining granite and marble slabs wherever she sees them.

Daisy Turner

CHARLEMONT, MASS.

*"The heart which truly loves, puts not its love aside, * * * but grows stronger for that which thwarts it."*

"Dick" is a little Charlemont girl whose happy smile is well known to all the class. This large slow smile, supplemented by her general deliberateness of action, belies her remarkable agility in covering space in Gym (?). We have heard that the Allen Company at the other end of the Trail would fail in business were it not for "Dick's" frequent week-end trips home.

Daisy's even temper and merry childlike expression of content will meet the demands of her Kindergarten Course.

Marion Elizabeth Waite

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"A true friend to the true."

Frank and practical, Marion stands unruffled by disturbances. Of course, it bothers her a little to have to spend so much time away from Pittsfield, and we can hardly blame her when we know the reason.

She has become famous for her soft (?) voice, but she laughs gaily at all attempts to tease her about it. She says she was "made that way." Probably she will be very glad of her lung power next year when reproving certain irrepressible youngsters. She may be able, too, to save wear and tear on the school bell by substituting her voice for it.

1917

NORMAL ATHLETE



Margaret Johnson Warren

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on."*

One of our most popular and all-round girls is Margaret; whether it be "put"-ting work and play together or whether each be taken separately.

An apt student she certainly is, and we cannot imagine her entering classes with lessons unprepared.

The Glee Club has been honored by her presence for the last two years, and rehearsals have always been conscientiously attended.

"Good Deeds Are Ever Bearing Fruit," so it is no wonder that one-nine-one-seven has chosen her as editor-in-chief of this, our class book.

Lillie Marjorie Wehinger

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

*"A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles by human kindness bred!"*

Quiet? Yes, Marjorie is, yet she is never so quiet as not to have a word of help or sympathy for anyone seeking aid in affliction. She is an enthusiastic basketball player and has never been known to "skip gym," which may be accounted for by her unlimited amount of school and class spirit. At all social functions of our Alma Mater, Marge's presence is always expected.

Perhaps if Marge were in a really confidential mood some day, she would disclose the secret attending the box of chocolates which she recently received from Pownal.

Faye Olive Wells

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

"Always thoughtful, and kind, and untroubled."

Fuzzy came to the Normal from Pittsfield, and has won the hearts of all. Who could withstand those filled cookies or that cherry pie, which in some inconceivable manner, found their way to Room 24?

But even though her "cats" were enjoyed, it was "Fuzzy's" own charming self which endeared her to us all.

Although not exactly a "movie fiend," if anyone should chance to invite her to attend the movies, she would invariably ask, "Is Theda Bara playing to-day?"

Fuzzy's blond, curly head and original recitations will not soon be forgotten.

1917

NORMAL ALLEINE



Helen Lees Wells

CHARLEMONT, MASS.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Helen, one of Normal's popular girls, comes to us from Charle-
mont. Her motto is "Come day, go day, the Lord sends Sun-
day." She has shown great Merit(t) during her course here.
Never has she lacked a friend, or been known to have a foe.
When she has had her lessons, she has been more than willing
to help those not so fortunate. For two years she has been on
our Student Council and is now vice-president of this body,
besides being vice-president of our class. Helen will probably
teach a few weeks next fall, and we wish her the best of success.

Mary Lucinda Wheeler

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

"Gentle of speech but absolute of rule"

We supposed that Mary lived in the country, and she says
that she does. The special country stock that she enjoys most
is a rabbit. At least, we think it is a rabbit, as she calls him
"Jack."

Certainly we think that dances and socials are characteristic
of the city, but it seems that cities are quite dead compared
with the social whirl near Broad Brook.

In the lunch room we hear thrilling tales of entertainments.
It makes us all lonely, too, when she tells of all the company
that she has, and how many are invited to remain to dinner.
Do you ever have "Jack" rabbits for dinner, Mary?

Gertrude Wolfe

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

*"Lose not opportunity for acquiring knowledge,
Learn as though you would always live
Live as though you might die to-morrow."*

Gertrude is modest, but charming, and has become a favorite
with both teachers and pupils. She is quiet, but she enjoys a
joke as well as her classmates.

Gert loves to retire early, and thus at ten o'clock every night
one might hear this favorite phrase, "Sweet Sleep!"

When it comes to debating over woman's rights, Gert
excels all others.



Oh, Don't You Remember?

The dressing room at noon,
When all the girls were there,
We helped each other comb
And brush each other's hair?

The lunch room on the east,
Where all was *hushed* and still?
Oh, don't forget, at least,
That "Peg" once had her fill!

The glee club days so rare (?)
We held our breaths to hear
The music in the air.
Ah, sweet, fond memories dear!

The days when dear old Gym,
Tried hard to make a date
With girls who said to him,
"We'll have to make you wait,—

"For Theda Bara's here,
And Charlie's going to play
You're second choice, I fear,
Come girls, let's not delay?"

The day when every neck
Was "bowed" sedately trim,
And heads all held erect
In manner very prim,

And Miss Searle took the floor
Then said, without a smile,
"If throats are not too sore,
We'll sing a little while?"

Miss Baright wasn't slow
To fix her collar too,
And put thereon a bow,
All black and fine and new.

The class we loved so well?—
Or was it just the teacher?
We'll never, never tell;
"Amen," thus saith the preacher.

And last, not least of all,
Our stiff Psychology?
The class that we might call
Our "Waterloo—oh—gee!"

Margaret J. Warren



GLEE CLUB



Members

MARIE NASH	Leader
ANNE FALLON	Pianist
ELIZABETH MULCARE	Secretary and Treasurer
SARAH CAROLAN	Librarian

MARGARET BUZZELL
 LYLE CHANDLER
 AGNES LASHWAY
 LILLIAN MORIER
 HAZEL NICHOLS
 MARGARET WARREN
 EMMA BARRETT
 CHRISTINE BROWN
 MARION GRAY
 ANNIE SEDDON
 MARION MULVILLE
 LEMPIE KALLIO
 MARY CANAVAN
 ISABEL LARKIN
 THERESA CONLON
 CATHERINE CARNEY

JANE MONTGOMERY
 IRENE NORTHUP
 ALICE MACARTHUR
 CORA HOYT
 EMMA RICE
 DOROTHY LYNCH
 MARY MACLAREN
 ETHEL SACKETT
 MARION WAITE
 ELLA LEVENSON
 SARAH CLARK
 MILDRED CREWS
 ALICE PURNELL
 MABEL LILLY
 LOUISE SANDY
 EDITH PHILLIPS

THIS has been a prosperous year for the Glee Club. Never before have the members numbered thirty-six.

Promptly (?) at one o'clock every Tuesday and Thursday we began our preliminary exercises in the assembly hall, warbling up and down the scale by "loo" and sometimes by syllables. During all these rehearsals we were effectively guarded by several people who sat at the back of the room and who shook their heads vigorously at all intruders.

After the preliminary exercises, we were ready to begin real singing. Indeed, this year, in addition to the singing, we gave ourselves the opportunity of displaying a small amount of dramatic talent, by choosing an operetta as a new feature for the Glee Club Concert. We do not forget, however, that this meant more hard work and patience on the part of Miss Searle. For this and all the other service which she has so kindly given to us, we bestow our greatest thanks and appreciation.

Lyle B. Chandler



Twenty-ninth Glee Club Concert

4 May, 1917—8 o'clock

Assisted by

MRS. MARSHALL, *Violin*

MISS RUTH BARTLETT, *Piano*

Program

The Swallows	Henry Leslie
Thou Heaven Blue and Bright	Franz Abt
Hark! the Robin's Early Call	Frank Lynes
A Song of the Fairies	F. N. Lohr

JUNIOR MEMBERS

The Night Has a Thousand Eyes	E. Nevin
<i>Violin Obligato</i>	MISS WAITE
Sing a Song of Sixpence	Arr. by Ross Hilton

SENIOR MEMBERS

Concert Sonata	Veracini 1685-1750
largo allegro	
minuett and gavotte	
presto	

MRS. MARSHALL

Cantata—The Three Springs	Paul Bliss
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Solo Parts

MISS LASHWAY
MISS LARKIN

MISS LYNCH
MISS MORIER

MISS GRAY

Double Trio

MISS NASH
MISS WARREN

MISS CARNEY
MISS CAROLAN

MISS CREWS
MISS LEVENSON

Adagio from Concerto in G minor	Max Burch
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MRS. MARSHALL

A Song Cycle—The Three Wishes	{ ALICE RILEY JESSIE GAYNOR
---	--------------------------------

Solo Part

MISS BROWN



The Glee Club Concert

NOVEL and lovely was the Glee Club concert of 1917. To begin with, we had a very large club with many soloists who all did especially well on that evening. Not only did we have splendid music and unusual talent, but also dramatic features.

As the program shows, Mrs. Marshall and Miss Bartlett lent their usual aid, always so much appreciated by both the Glee Club and the audience.

The single numbers by Juniors or Seniors were especially interesting and pleasing.

Our Cantata, called the "Three Springs," was exceptionally beautiful in harmony, arrangement, and theme. All of the members had enjoyed the practice work because of this beauty, and sang with their best effort.

Last on the program came the "Song Cycle," the new feature of the concert. We can truly say that it was a happy innovation. Much of our success is to be attributed to Miss Searle and Miss Nash, our enthusiastic leaders.

The little eyelet was very light and pretty, and the costuming of the singers was charming. The acting was well handled by the girls, who looked very delightful in the simple costumes of an age gone by.

Those who were responsible for the concert surely feel well repaid for the efforts so willingly made in drilling the Club.





Events of Normal Life

NAME	PLEASANTEST	MOST UNPLEASANT
BRACE	Dormitory life	Obedying rules
E. BROWN	Assembly periods spent in the lunch room	Lectures on culture
CARNEY	The week-ends	Breaking rules (?)
CAROLAN	Vacations	Getting up on time
CASEY	Man-dances	Sound of the rising-bell
DOHERTY	Last bell of period	First bells
GARLAND	Mid-night spreads	Lights out at 10.15
HICKEY	Disposing of Rockefeller's money	"Low B" in an arithmetic test
HUNT	Gym day	Waiting for papers to be corrected
FLYNN	Hearing Miss Baright read	Overdue library books
DRISCOLL	Trips to factories	Lesson plans
HOAG	Noon constitutionals	Leaving the <i>Normal Life</i>
DONOVAN	Friday night spreads and chocolate pie	Getting to school at <i>nine</i>
COONS	When four o'clock arrives	Doing hand-lettering
LEVENSON	Mr. Smith's jokes	Note-book discussions in geography class
MACLAREN	Enthusiastic class-meetings	Disappearance of the tortoise shells
MORIER	The daily talk and laugh during noon hour	Thoughts of teaching miles from a rail-road station
WARREN	Mr. Smith's classes	Trying to get "write-ups" for the Normalogue
WHEELER	8.45 A. M. car late	Thoughts of authors' books
CLARK	"Gym" period	Getting up in the morning
NASH	Mr. Chambers' concerts	"Housework" in junior year
KELLS	The "movies"	The "warning bell"
RUDNICK	Blizzard—no school	Keeping silent in the library
HOYT	Miss Sholes' classes	Helpful hints
MACK	Discussions in Economics class	"Harmony, rhythm, balance", etc.
CORCORAN	Trips down street after school	Failure to get that letter from home
TADIELLO	Cooking	Doing "housework"
H. WELLS	Debating in Economics	Geography
STILES	Ex-governor Walsh's speech to us in our Junior year	Going up and down stairs
WAITE	Going home week ends	Standing in a clothespress
KINNE	Week ends at table	
TURNER	Going down street, <i>Tuesday</i> and <i>Thursday</i> after school	Arithmetic
M. SHEEHAN	Gymnasium days	?
ROBBINS	Collecting teaching material	?

1917 NEERMALIE

TROY	Gym	When I heard we wouldn't have Mr. Smith the last half of the year
DURNIN	"No school" whistles when teaching at training school	Hearing about Ella Flagg Young
HETTINGER	Thursday and Friday afternoons teaching in the Kindergarten	Broken crackers in my bed
FALLON	Vacation	Briggsville assignment
JEROU	Lunch room chats	
NICHOLS	Daily promenade on Main St.	"Housework," Junior year
O'NEILL	Gym exhibitions	Playing the piano on the scrub-board
CARSWELL	Lunch hour	Assignments to certain rooms
SACKETT	High-collar and bow-tie day	Trolley rides to rural schools
G. BROWN	After effects of pay-day	Taking tests on work lost while teaching
CHANDLER	Night before vacation	Night after vacation
OTIS	?	Teaching before "Sups"
BUZZELL	Time spent in study periods?	





Diary of a Town Girl

MONDAY—

Dear Journal: This has been the most perfectly horrid day I ever spent. The only thing I have to be thankful for is that it is all over, and I am still living to write about it. I couldn't begin to name all the unlucky things that have happened, but these are some of them:

1. Overslept, and didn't have time to do any studying.
2. Broke a shoestring, and had to go without any breakfast.
3. Was late and had a call-down from the t. s. teacher.
4. In my lunch had boiled ham and cocoanut cake, which I detest, so went hungry all afternoon.
5. Failed when I was called on in phsycology (or is it physiology?) and lost a perfectly good reputation. I haven't been called on before.
6. Wasn't allowed to go out tonight as I had planned, because I've been up so late for the last couple of nights. Yet the Dorm girls think we can do just as we please because we live at home! Had to dispute from force of habit, but really didn't care a great deal, as it was only a girl party.

Resolved: To get up at six o'clock tomorrow morning.

It is too late now to resolve to go to bed early tonight, but will tomorrow night.

TUESDAY—

There was a dandy picture on today at the Empire. Started out this noon with intentions of going, but, for certain reasons, changed our minds when we were in front of the library. That reminds me of a little question. Why does R. L. S. always walk up Church St. about 1.15 every noon?

Resolved: To get up the first time I am called.

WEDNESDAY—

Helped with noon lunches at the t. s. today. Accidentally dropped a holder in the cocoa just before serving it. However, it was not injured as we rinsed it right out. It needed washing anyway.

My geography teacher criticised the spelling on one of my papers. I was exceedingly angry, as I have always been considered a very good speller.

Had planned to go skating tonight, but had to stay at home to look after the children. Just as if I didn't have enough of the innocent darlings all day at the t. s.! The joys of living at home!

Resolved: To try to get up at seven o'clock.

THURSDAY—

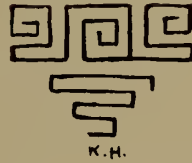
Dear Journal—I shall not write a great deal tonight as I am awfully sleepy. Have just come in from sliding. It was awfully cold, but I had a perfectly gorgeous time. I feel awfully queer some way. I don't believe I'll even try to get up tomorrow morning.



FRIDAY—

Have a touch of "la grippe." Am sitting bolstered up in bed, with hot water bottles and pillows galore. What would I do if I were a poor Dorm. girl far away from home? Next year if I'm ever sick, I'm going to pack up and come home, if I have to be carried in an ambulance. Thank goodness I have all Saturday and Sunday to recuperate!

Barb.





Diary of a Dorm Girl

MONDAY—

Rising bell woke me up at 6.30! I started to see how long it rang, but fell asleep before it stopped. The five minutes of seven whistle awoke me the next time. Did a Marathon, and got into breakfast next to the last one, for which fact I received a cold, icy glare from a certain person.

Waited around for mail until one minute of nine. Listened to an inspiring talk by Mr. Murdock. Managed to live through the rest of the day, being called upon only once to recite. Only eleven more days and two hours before vacation!

TUESDAY—

Worst day! It was raining cats and dogs, and a little drop which splashed on my face awakened me very early. Everyone was just like the day. The only one whom I greeted with a smile was the mail-man, who brought me two nice fat letters,—one from home (with a nice check) and one from Harvard. Mr. Chambers gave us a treat, playing from my favorite composer, MacDowell. Begin teaching tomorrow! Had a nice tete-a-tete with my teacher, who told me she would give me only four lesson plans to write for the next day. Only four! How many the next time?

WEDNESDAY—

I had just succeeded in getting peacefully to sleep last night when that fire alarm rang. Oh, the sights that we saw while Mr. Murdock was asking us various questions. Thought about the excitement the rest of the night. Received a note from Jack; he is coming to the dance.

THURSDAY—

Nothing very exciting happened today. Had a house meeting at seven, about the dance. My dress came at last, and it's a dream. Chocolate pie for dinner! Had a good game of basketball after study hour.

FRIDAY—

What do you suppose I learned today? Mr. Murdock told us in psychology class that we are all infants until we reach about twenty-five years of age. I don't like the idea! Class meeting at 1.15 p. m. After dinner I went to the "movies" with the girls, and saw "Oliver Twist."

SATURDAY—

At last the eventful dance is over. Had a good time, but, oh, my feet! Can't stay awake another minute.

SUNDAY—

Slept late. Fuzzy, Dot, Peg, Bob and I had breakfast in my room in time to go to church. Heard a splendid sermon on "Life Eternal." Jack made his party call this afternoon. He said over and over again that he had a good time. I wonder how much he meant it?

Sue.



BASKETBALL CAPTAINS



ATHLETICS

1917



Enter Class of 1917

TIMIDLY the small (?) Juniors entered the "gym" that sunny afternoon in September of 1915. But did they remain timid very long? That question one could answer for herself, if only she could have seen them a week or two later. As soon as they passed from the bashful stage into that of true Normalites, Miss Skeele immediately realized that never before had such a rare class come to the gym.

Through the coöperation of every member of the class, an excellent team in basketball was soon built up. Not long afterwards we challenged the Seniors, and as the result of a hot and exciting game, they—not because of their superior ability, but because of their longer practice,—were victorious. But after the game they came to us and admitted that they never had to work so hard in all their lives. Thus we were encouraged and wanted to meet them again, but this opportunity never came. However, this fact did not hinder us from challenging the Seniors of the "Dorm." Several evenings we gathered in the gym, to spend together the minutes between nine-thirty and ten o'clock. The first two evenings, as I recollect, the Seniors, with heads high, walked off at ten with the victory. They did not realize that we had merely allowed them to think us inferior players, but on the third evening we started from the beginning to play our very best. This time we walked out of the "gym," not with our heads so high, but with a towering score in our favor. Never after in all our games did we fail to win. At first the Seniors felt discouraged and wanted to back out of our games, but they soon opened their eyes, and realized and affirmed that we were excellent players, and they were plucky enough to stand the beatings.

Of course we got special credit in our marks for every evening we played!

But was all our practice of no avail? By no means. In the middle of March we held our Junior Exhibition. The townspeople, hearing from all sides of our wonderful class, flocked in to see our good work, directed by our very enthusiastic instructor, Miss Skeele. During the evening, the audience sat with wide-opened eyes and mouths, taking in all our wonderful feats. Folk-dancing, vaulting, climbing, and above all basketball! As they went out, we heard many remarks, such as: "Aren't they wonderful?" and "Never before did I witness such an exhibition." One little boy, who came with his mamma, was heard to say, "Gee whiz, ain't they good players, though? I wish I was a girl like them."

Soon after this the spring fever filled our minds with the thoughts of baseball. Such a team as we had! Some of the neighbors wondered at the fancy (?) curves, the excellent catching, stealing bases, and sliding home. Of course some of us were sorely disappointed



when the big league did not ask us to play in the World Series. But, cheer up, they may realize the value of our good work some day, and come to us, and on their knees beg that we pitch, catch, or take some part.

Being such wonders, we did not confine our whole attention to any one thing, but to many. Pleasant afternoons saw us on the green lawns, playing that game much enjoyed by all, tennis. Other sports enjoyed by us were archery, in which only a few attained skill, lawn bowling, tether-ball, and croquet.

Soon we were a little sad, as we realized that we must depart for two months, and discontinue our pranks with one another.

When we returned, full-fledged Seniors, mighty things were expected of us. Did we disappoint anyone? No. If our extended vacation had done anything, it more than fitted us for the work which we were to accomplish.

Now began our greatest work. Each had her turn at teaching the class. Was that fun? Well, I guess! Everyone felt pity for the poor girl who, with shaking knees and chattering teeth stood in front of the class, directing them in the exercises. Usually, after a period of professional work, the girls left the gym. with a deep sigh.

For a long time we wanted to challenge the Juniors, but Miss Skeele would not listen to it. She said that we would wipe them entirely out of existence. After asking her several times, always meeting the same refusal, we at last ceased our beggings. Meanwhile, the wise Juniors worked up many games, and then, to our surprise, they challenged us to meet them in the gym one Friday afternoon. To our sorrow we found that they were swifter than we in double-goal, but could they come up to us in basketball? For the first ten minutes the score was pretty well tied, but soon the quick Seniors began making five pointers and three pointers, and in order not to discourage the Juniors too greatly, we stopped keeping score. They didn't shed many tears, as Miss Skeele had informed them before the game of our wonderful power, and the impossibility of beating us.

Once more the class gave an exhibition to raise a sum of money for the treasury.

Just before this a great sorrow came to some of the girls when they found out that they must instruct the children in the afternoons, but they bit their lips and covered their faces with wreaths of smiles to conceal the grief which really lurked there, and went quietly to their tasks.

In the name of the class, we earnestly beg the succeeding classes not to envy us too greatly, as we really could not help being so strong in the gym. If they will struggle a very great deal, they may come part way to our mark, but it is never to be expected that they will quite reach it. Yet the class of 1917 heartily wishes for the success of future classes.

Agnes O'Neill

Basketball Captains of 1917

AGNES O'NEILL
ANA DONOVAN
ELLA LEVENSON
EMMA RUDNICK

LILLIAN MORIER
MILDRED CREWS
SARAH CLARK
THERESA CONLON



Needs of Normal

HOAG—More warmth.
CROWTHER—More rest.
GARLAND—More life.
FLYNN—More time.
CLARK—Ink in the geography room.
CORCORAN—Moving stairways.
BRACE—More liberty.
BARRETT—More vacations.
CAROLAN—At least *a* study period.
JOYCE—Vacations on holidays.
DRISCOLL—Shorter hours.
DONOVAN—Free Taxi Service to Main St..
DURNIN—A heart.
LEVENSON—An elevator (non-collapsible).
MACLAREN—Larger desks.
BUZZELL—Some roller skates.
COONS—Subway to Mark Hopkins.
H. WELLS—More “movement”.
KELLS—Time for a “nap”.
RUDNICK—Cushioned chairs.
NASH—“Daffy-dils” for all.
C. DOHERTY—Public telephone.
HAIGHT—Opposite sex.
JEROU—More men like Mr. Smith.
FALLON—Padlocks on desks.
WARREN—Mufflers for loud voices.
E. BROWN—Cuts.
WOLFE—Free access to library at night.
STILES—School “movies”.
BURGESS—Longer time for lunch when at rural schools.
HOHNER—Warmth in geog. room.
WHEELER—
WEHINGER—Shorter hours.
GEER—More recreation.
HENCHY—A few *more* scouts.
REIMANN—More hours in a day.



TADIELLO—More time between recitations.
HICKEY—*One* and the *same* standard of marks for all.
WAITE—Elevators in "Dorm".
O'NEILL—More human people like Miss Baright.
TURNER—More vacations.
M. SHEEHAN—Special periods in school hours for make-up work.
ROBBINS—More time to collect teaching material.
HETTINGER—An ice-cream parlor.
G. BROWN—Automatic radiator valves (Just when?).
MORIER—Escalators from attic to basement.
NICHOLS—Special dining cars to rural schools.
CARSWELL—Glasses (?).
SACKETT—More ironing boards.
CHANDLER—Private dining cars between city and rural schools.
OTIS—Chairs at "Dorm" that don't break our backs.





The Man Dance

WITHOUT a doubt, the most enjoyable social evenings spent at Taconic Hall were those on which we had our informal parties. The first one occurred on December 9, 1916.

We remembered from the year before that the dances had been greatly enjoyed. As soon as we had been fairly launched in our school duties, therefore, some of us thought it was about time to start preparations. Consequently a house meeting was called, and a motion made to the effect that a man-dance would be desirable. There was no difficulty in getting the motion seconded and obtaining a large majority vote. A committee was then appointed to go to Mr. Murdock, and submit our request to him. As he was very willing to grant it, we set to work.

Long before we obtained permission to have the dance, we had our programs nearly filled, but who will forget that melodious silence bell ringing through the halls on the night when we knew for certain that what we had wished for most, we were to have? The completion of the programs was a matter of but a few minutes.

Invitations were sent out two weeks before the event, and as the important day drew nigh, letters were hastily torn open, and wild exclamations of "Oh! He's coming!" filled the halls.

Needless to say, the day of the party was spent mostly in trying to make ourselves look beautiful, and work in other lines was for the time suspended. Being remarkable girls, however, we refused to be fussed by anything as trivial as a dance, and when we were ushered down to our friends, and then past the receiving line, we were as calm as if we had a social event every night.

We danced until eleven o'clock, and during the evening light refreshments were served. Did three hours ever pass so quickly before?

The parting with our friends was the saddest remembrance we have of such a brilliant and successful evening, but even this was offset by the kindness and hearty cooperation of Mr. and Mrs. Murdock, of our dear matron, of our instructors, and of the girls themselves.

Dorothy Lynch.



N. A. N. S.==As Others See You

What says Quinalpus, eh, my Muse?
" 'Tis not the cowl that makes the monk."
Ay, and it's true, there's no excuse,
If you have from this proverb shrunk.

Quinalpus was a learned man,
Deep versed in Greek. He was no fool;
He had in mind, when he did scan
That line, the girls of Normal School.

They're tall, they're short, they're plump,
they're thin,
They look sedate with frigid frown;
But who can tell what's 'neath a grin?
While she who scowls may be the clown.

We see one, arms piled full of books;
Another unencumbered goes;
Mayhap she carries them for looks,
The other one the lesson knows.

The buildings, too, deceive the eye,
For one would think them hostile quite,
As outlined 'gainst the evening sky,
But that's not so, all things despite.

You're met there at the door with smiles,
Your hat and coat are whisked away,
You're captivated by their wiles,
You'd like to stay till dawn of day.

But ten o'clock comes, sure as fate,
They ask politely if you'll go;
Your poor brain whirls, you hesitate,—
Then find yourself out in the snow.

You wander off, in deep thought lost,
Your brain soars off to beat the
deuce,
And then you think—
But what's the use?

The faculty is quite far-famed;
They're known abroad, both far and
wide;
Their speech in mighty words is framed;
Their outlines, too, they subdivide.

But just the same, they're pretty nice,
And, everybody likes them, too;
Unless you watch, (take my advice),
They'll all be stolen 'way from you.

The girls are great, (I'm back to them);—
There's no exception to that rule;
Still, I can't fancy one of them
Sedately, sternly, teaching school.

X. Animo (Philip A. Lee)



Our Alma Mater

(With Apologies to Kipling)

WOULD you like to go to school in a stately, optimistic-looking building of yellow brick, with wide, low steps leading up from the street, rising harmoniously from its surrounding green slopes? There are ten distinguished educators within, each in his own branch more emphatic than his companions. One looks at the principal and faculty and Seniors and Juniors, and conceives that inspiration abides here, till he sees a tiny disconsolate student, grimly determined, whirling a compass, in one corner, and a rustling apparition bursting thru the hospitable doorway and telling her exploits to an admiring group as irresponsible as April sunshine. Then the janitor—a stern, troubled-looking janitor—squeaks across the assembly hall to ascertain the temperature of that spacious room.

Now nine o'clock comes, and the mood changes till it seems just as tho you stood in the silence of an ancient cathedral. Soon thru the vastness, nine, deep, challenging strokes ring from the faithful clock. You sit with your gaze on the purple, shadowy, awakening hills. Then the principal arises, and the music bursts forth, and you feel the passionate gripping of "America, America, God shed his grace on thee!" and each word is ardent up to the last Amen.

Faye Wells



The Senior-Junior Reception

NEAR Hallowe'en, Friday the thirteenth, obviously would portend dire evil. Darkness, which is the symbol of evil, is acknowledged as being "spooky" to say the least. On these two things rest, surely, the responsibility of the unique reception which the Seniors of 1917 gave to the Juniors of 1918 on Friday, October thirteenth, in Taconic Hall.

The solemn old witches held a conference and over the bubbling caldron banished the witch, Formality, by the use of darkness; just plain, inky darkness of dungeons and deep places. So it came about that the laughing, merry-hearted girls fluttering about Taconic Hall like iridescent butterflies in the sunlight, suddenly found the light of their sun was black.

The receiving line was about to form, and the witch Excitement was ruling over Formality, when the witches' conference decided to banish Formality entirely and the smooth-floored hall and its occupants were submerged in night.

Little smothered "ohs" and "ahs" were uttered amidst some "ohs" and "ahs" which were not smothered, and Confusion for a few moments held sway. Then in the gloom shone a feeble ray, as the orchestra was escorted to the piano by the aid of a lantern. Here and there thru the room a flashlight was mounted but the light was not so bright that it injured anyone's eyes.

Endowed with sense of humor, and ability to have a good time under any circumstances, the girls "tripped the light fantastic", and their partners forgave them if they stepped on their toes. Wall flowers might have hidden in obscurity, if wall flowers there had been, and none would have been the wiser.

Thus was the sedate, dignified record of twenty years put to naught by a few witches about a caldron.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble"

We care not, for it was fun!

Margaret J. Warren



Presidential Election

NOVEMBER 7, 1916! What does that date stand for, fair reader?

Do you mean to tell me you don't know? Normalite, please inform this unsophisticated person. Yes, Election Day, the presidential election, the great contest between the Republican and Democratic parties, represented by Mr. Hughes and President Wilson, respectively! You desire, no doubt, to be forgiven for your lack of memory. Ah, well, "to err is human; to forgive, divine."

The scenes within our stately walls during those eventful days can never, will never be forgotten. For a week preceding election the blackboards were covered with writings somewhat after this fashion:

The man to vote for—Hughes!

Three cheers for Wilson!!!

Hughes—the capable man!

That week the poor janitor had a surplus of board erasing, and, as one of the girls had heard him mutter during the performance of his arduous duties, we avoided him, but we kept on writing.

Naturally, our curiosity was aroused as to the opinions of all members of the faculty.

Were they staunch followers of Wilson's policy? Or was Hughes the man they considered superior? By tact and ingenuity, we learned their view, to our satisfaction.

On election day and the day following, the faculty found it exceedingly difficult to have their classes concentrate on the lessons at hand. The atmosphere seemed filled with electric currents. Everyone was on the qui vive. Between periods groups of girls could be seen climbing three flights of stairs to telephone, first to the Transcript office, then to the Herald office, to find out the latest returns. Some would come down with faces beaming with smiles, others with countenances reflecting gloom and disappointment.

One of the reasons for Pres. Wilson's reelection I will tell you; but you must promise to keep it a secret. Two or three days before the real election, Mr. Smith, our history teacher, had us cast a straw vote.

For polls, we had the science room; for a ballot box, one "made to order," which had a firm padlock; and for ballots, small pieces of yellow paper, in color like the school committee ballot, in size about four inches long and two inches wide.

Everybody, Juniors, Seniors, Faculty,—voted, and as the believers in Suffrage placed their ballots in the fateful box this thought came to them, "The day is not so distant when we shall cast a real ballot, one that counts, when we shall stand alongside of men, their equals, and recognized as their equals throughout the world."

When the votes were counted, the result showed a two to one preference for President Wilson. Do you wonder that the country followed our lead a few days later, and triumphantly elected him for another term?

Lillian Anita Morier



The Student Council

THE Student Council,—of what does that remind you? If you live in the dormitory you will think of many things. For the members, it means impartiality, seriousness, ability to refrain from telling too much, and sacrifice.

The Student Council is truly a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Please note that here the word people is broad enough to include women.

When you recall that 1917 is the first full year of the existence of the Council in Taconic Hall, I think you will agree with me that it has been able to accomplish much. Our parties, more generally known as the man dances, as well as entertainments like the circus, are some of the things which the Council has brought to pass; but it never would have been able to do these things without the co-operation and support of our beloved matron, Mrs. Van Etten.

Did you ask who are the members of this body? The six Seniors are Sarah Clark, President, Helen Wells, Vice-President, Nellie Mann, Secretary, Alice MacArthur, Lena Otis, and Daisy Turner. After the Easter vacation Dick did not return, and Agnes O'Neill was chosen to take her place. Mildred Mason, Emily Bissell, Grace Foster, and Margaret Shean are the Junior members, and these are the ones on whom will rest the responsibility of supporting and carrying on the work next year. We hope that they will make the Student Council for 1918 mean even more than it has to us.

Nellie E. Mann, Secretary



Class Colors

Buff and Blue
Stand for us;
But turn it about,
And we'll make a fuss.
For bluff and boo, especially bluff,
Is unknown to girls
Made of our kind of stuff.

Modest Buff,
Blue is true;
Combine these in one.
And it gives you the cue
To kind and mind, especially kind,
Of class '17, the best you could find.



History

MR. SMITH—If you couldn't be President Wilson, who would you like to be?
MISS HALLORAN—Mrs. Wilson.

Drawing

MISS PEARSON—(Holding a mug in front of the drawing class)—Now I am going to draw my mug.

Zoology

MR. SMITH (after a discussion of mimicry illustrated by insects)—What is a walking stick?
MISS MACLAREN—A cane with a nice handle, which dudes carry.

Grammar

MISS BARIGHT—Give a sentence containing a clause of result.
MISS RUDNICK—It rained so hard, that it *blew* a tree down.

Reading

MISS KELLS (Telling how she would correct a child who said "at" for "cat")—I would tell him to put the back of his tongue against the front of his front teeth.

History

MR. SMITH—I suppose you all have some portrait which hangs on your wall. I have my grandmother hanging up in my room.

Grammar

MISS BARIGHT (week before mid-years)—We will have an *epidemic* test on Tuesday.

Zoology

MR. SMITH (talking to some hens in class)—Now stand up, ladies, and show yourselves. Most of the class stood!



Drawing

MISS PEARSON—Now take out your sheets and finish your beds (meaning sheets of paper).

Geography

MR. ELDRIDGE—On which side of the moon does the sun shine at first quarter?

MISS WEHINGER—On the other side.

Economics

MISS WEEKS—You should read "The Heart of a Man."

MR. SMITH—I hope you will all have the chance to read the heart of a man some day.

Geography

MISS OTIS—When the cattle reach the Chicago stock yards, they are allowed to live for one day, and then they are changed into pork.

Scene---Class Meeting

MISS MACLAREN—We are to choose our class colors. What shall they be?

STUDENT—I move that we have old rose and green.

MISS GOULD—I move that we have "analogous" and "complementary!"

CLASS—Second the motion.

Extract from Fourth Grade Essay

"And Sir Walter Raleigh said as he spread his cloak over the mud for the queen to walk on, 'Go it, Lizzy, you can make it.' "

Economics

MR. SMITH—What is the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?

MISS WELLS—A suffragette is a person who throws stones, and a suffragist is one who wants to but doesn't dare.

Economics

MR. SMITH—Who are the great teachers of the world?

MISS MACLAREN—Mr. Smith.

Economics

MR. SMITH—Did you ever gamble, Miss Robinson?

MISS ROBINSON—Yes, sir, I have.

MR. SMITH—Did you keep the money?

MISS R.—Oh, it wasn't money. I gambled with matches!

MR. S.—What kind of "matches," Miss Robinson?

Extract from a Boy's Essay on Breathing

"Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get outside. Boys should be able to run and holler and have big diagrams."



Schoolroom

TEACHER—What is the earth's axis?

LITTLE MARY—The earth's axis is a menagerie lion which runs from the North Pole to the South Pole every twenty-four hours.

Schoolroom

TEACHER—Write a sentence containing the word "notwithstanding."

JOHN'S SENTENCE—My father's trousers are worn out, but not with standing.

Heard in Glee Club

(MISS NASH directing:.) You hold the "man" four beats.
Heart beats, Marie?

Psychology

MR. MURDOCK—Miss Macksey, what was the early belief concerning the formation of man?

MISS MACKSEY—The early people believed he was formed by spontaneous combustion.

Literature

MISS MORIER (quoting scripture)—"An eye for a tooth."

Literature

MISS BARIGHT—What are aborigines?

MISS MORIER—Birds.

Language

MR. ELDRIDGE (discussing punctuation)—Miss Sheehan, you make a dash after George.

Schoolroom

MISS DURNIN in Grade I (questioning for the parts of a chair)—What do we sit on?

PUPIL—On the sofa.

Language

MISS CONLON (discussing collective nouns)—Mr. Eldridge, is "board" collective?

MR. ELDRIDGE—Well, Miss Conlon, it's collected all right.

Zoology

MR. SMITH (discussing the hermit crab)—It backs back into the shell, so that only his back is in the back of the shell.

Wanted—To know whether you dress or undress a chicken?—MR. SMITH.



Geography

MISS JEROU—Is there any warmth in the moon?

MR. ELDRIDGE—Have you ever tried to warm your hands in the moonlight?

Literature

MISS WELLS (trying to read, "There stood an unsold captive, chained to a pillar,")—"There stood an unsold captive, chained to a pillow," I mean, "changed to a pillar."

Psychology

MR. MURDOCK—Give an example of "struggle for existence."

MISS CORCORAN—Struggling to eat.

MR. MURDOCK—Is there any physical struggle in eating?

MISS STILES—Yes, in chewing some of the meat we get.

Geography

MISS WEEKS—Pinnacles of water hang from the tops of icebergs.

Management

MRS. COUCH—What is the opposite of pertinent questions?

MISS HICKEY—Impertinent!

Psychology

MISS KELLS—Is courtship voluntary or habitual?

VOICE FROM REAR—What is it in your case, Rose?

Economics

MISS DRISCOLL—The son drives a hack and is very ambitious.

VOICE—Has he hitched his wagon to a star?

Grammar

MISS HOAG (illustrating a grammar game)—I have some dates. What ought I to do with them, Miss Crowther?

MISS CROWTHER—Keep them!

History of Education

MISS CARNEY—Pestalozzi was offered a pastorage in Belgium.

Psychology

MISS G. BROWN—Life ends as soon as death comes!

History of Education

MISS CARNEY—Can't we choose the man we are most interested in?

MR. ELDRIDGE—I hope you will all have that chance, Miss Carney.



Psychology

MR. MURDOCK—Is winking habitual?

MISS CARNEY—It is with me.

Economics

MR. SMITH—It would be ostracism in England for a man to marry his husband's widow.

Grammar

MISS HUNT (giving disconnected (?) sentences)—It was a splendidly arranged affair.
It was an exceedingly dark night.

He was very nearly successful.

One can never tell what is going to happen.

History

MR. SMITH—In case of war, who in North Adams would form a body such as the "Sons of Liberty?"

MISS CARNEY—The Salvation Army.





After Normal, What?

- ESTHER E. BROWN—Someone to argue with me on "Economics."
CATHERINE CARNEY—Something exciting.
SARAH CAROLAN—At least \$1,000 per year.
ANNA CASEY—Travel.
CATHARINE BRACE—A happy married life.
LUCY BLOOD—End to fire drills.
EMMA BARRETT—All the time in the world.
MAUD M. COONS—Plenty of time to attend "movies."
MARY MACLAREN—"A chocolate pie factory."
MARIE CORCORAN—Plenty of "good times."
AGNES O'NEILL—To read "The Heart of a Man."
AGNES DURNIN—Peace.
MATILDA HETTINGER—Someone to cheer me up.
HAZEL NICHOLS—A bungalow by the fish pond.
ESTHER JEROU—An automobile.
ANNE FALLON—A halo.
ROSE KELLS—No more breaking rules.
ESTHER GEER—A good long vacation.
MARGARET WARREN—Fun.
ETHEL GARLAND—A little house and a black cat.
ROSE HICKEY—A "position" not a "job."
HAZEL HUNT—A trip to Paris.
RUTH JOYCE—Time enough to breathe.
HELEN HOAG—A trip to Washington, *maybe*.
ANNA DRISCOLL—Plenty of money and nothing to do.
ANA DONOVAN—I'll give you three guesses.
MARY WHEELER—Warmth in my school.
EMMA RUDNICK—I'll never tell.
LILLIAN MORIER—The study of phrenology (?).
LORETTA TROY—Home and Mother.
MARJORIE WEHINGER—A good vacation.
ELLA LEVENSON—The long-looked-for trip to "SOUTH AMERICA."
MARGARET BUZZELL—What would you suggest?
HELEN CARSWELL—Life.
ELIZABETH MULCARE—Plenty of *stunning* clothes.
CELIA DOHERTY—Less argument.
HARRIET SMITH—College (?)
MARGARET MACK—A good rest.
MARIE NASH—Trained nurse to a "Tommy Atkins."
CANDIDA TADIELLO—Something better.



SARAH CLARK—Teach gymnastics.

HELEN WELLS—Be a famous elocution teacher.

AL STILES—Make some poor pupils suffer over algebra problems in a Junior High School.

MARION WAITE—Be matron of an "Old Maids' Home."

FRANCES KINNE—A bungalow in California.

DOROTHY TURNER—Time for rest.

MARGARET SHEEHAN—Just a little rocking chair and—

MADELINE ROBBINS—Larger service.

ETHEL SACKETT—A chicken farm.

LYLE CHANDLER—Anything next door to the above.

GLADYS BROWN—That pension to make me more "Glad."

LENA OTIS—Lessons in sarcasm.





The Christmas Tree

THE week before Christmas at the Normal School is, after all, a great deal like the week before Christmas at other places less formidable and less proud of their illustrious products. At any rate, we proved this point by noting a mysterious something in the air, which finally broke into a whirl of excitement at sight of a notice declaring to all concerned that a house-meeting would be held to discuss a possible Christmas tree.

Promptly at seven, this proposition was put before the group of intelligent, capable-looking young ladies who make up our class. With great enthusiasm, the important step was taken. On the last night of our stay, there would be a big, green tree standing in the dance hall, for which would be left jokes, dragging out into the full glare of public knowledge all of the carefully concealed "skeletons in the closets" of our sisters.

The days went by, every minute bringing nearer the eventful hour.

Residents of Church Street could behold at any time an endless line of students, wending their way toward Main Street. There they disappeared through the doors of that giant, distinguished-looking emporium, whose flaunting golden sign of "Woolworth's," even more irresistibly than the Lorelei, draws in the most wary travelers.

In due time, the tree budded and finally bloomed into such magnificence as only a Christmas tree can show.

After dinner, we went soberly to our rooms to keep the solemn and almost ghostly silence of study hour, until we should be called by the bell at nine o'clock. Silence reigned, broken only by the rather frequent scraping caused by the moving of a bureau or of some other article which was being violently changed to its holiday position.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, before we even dreamed of the hour, one long peal of the bell rang forth. With no more delay than one would expect at the call of "Gabriel's trumpet," all rushed downstairs.

There stood the tree in all its glory, a truly pleasant and appropriate background for the white-robed figure of our House Mother, who was to play the part of Santa Claus.

To those gathered around the circle were handed gifts with explanatory verses attached. It was now that the efficiency of the "Parisian Shop" was fully proved; for there appeared a wonderful representation of everything from a "Yellow Ford" to "The End of a Perfect Day."

However, although jokes formed an important part of the festival, this was by no means all of it, for there were many beautiful and useful gifts which showed the true spirit of the season.

Nor were Santa Claus and our other guardian angel forgotten. But to them came not jokes but slight tokens of appreciation and love for their unfailing kindness and help.

When the tree was cleared, the crowd melted happily away, to enter upon the mysterious and ghostly ceremonies of those hours which tell no tales on the night before we go home.

Faye O. Wells



The Mock Wedding

EVEN the Juniors knew something was about to happen. They couldn't very well help it, considering the racket we Seniors made during study hour one night last October. Just why the inspiration came to us on that particular evening no one knows, unless it was because the next day should have been a holiday and wasn't going to be, and of course that made us want to do something desperate.

We tiptoed through the halls and haunted one another's rooms with ears alert for the sound of footsteps that would warn us of the approach of some stray teacher.

We thought of all sorts of wild schemes before we remembered the wedding of the year before. After having decided that a mock wedding was the thing that appealed to us most, the rest was comparatively easy.

We must have Marie Dressler for the bride and Charlie Chaplin for the groom, for we all know that no one could play those parts quite as well as Marie and "Dick" Turner, Marie being so tall and stately and "Dick" so very small. Then we chose Helen for the minister, "Cat" Carney for the bridesmaid and Alice for best man. Dot was the bride's very stout father, while Lyle and Ethel were flower girls, and Lena was an usher.

The next thing to do was to write and distribute the invitations, which, though they were not engraved in the very finest style, served their purpose very well. They read something like this:

YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED
AT THE MARRIAGE OF
MARIE DRESSLER AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN
IN THE DANCE HALL AT NINE-THIRTY
OCTOBER 11, 1916

It was no small task to pass out one of those little slips of paper to every girl in the house, right under the eyes of some ten teachers, to say nothing of the Council and Mrs. Van Etten.

Such a time as we had making our costumes! There must be a veil for the bride, a robe for the minister, quantities of flowers, and last but not least, trousers and mustaches for the men of the party. Water colors quickly solved the problem of mustaches for the men and pink cheeks for the bridesmaid and flower girls, and fortunately for us the wedding took place early enough in the season so that white trousers from our theatrical supplies could be used.

The ceremony took place in the dance hall, and the guests were all assembled when the wedding procession started down the stairs promptly at nine-thirty.

First came the two little flower girls crossing the floor together, very sweet and dainty in their short white dresses, curls and socks, while the strains of the wedding march floated out to us from the music room.

Then there was the bride, a tall dignified bride, all dressed in white with a gorgeous white-lace-curtain veil floating behind her. She leaned on the arm of her rather portly father whose eyes twinkled as if he must laugh outright in spite of the seriousness of the occasion.

The minister stood in front of the fireplace, attired in a wonderful couch-cover robe and holding in one hand a Bible which suspiciously resembled a dictionary. He repeated the service in Latin while the bridegroom looked very pale, and trembled so his long graceful feet flapped like flags in the wind.



A grotesquely attired company of guests had assembled to witness the ceremony, and as one looked at the girls, the teachers and the impossible costumes, one wondered if these could really be the same business-like mortals one saw in school every day.

All too soon it was over. The wedding march ceased abruptly and we heard the monitor say, "Ten after! Lights out!" and everything was quiet except for an occasional smothered giggle that was heard as the girls tried to remove those too-persistent black mustaches.

Dorothy Morris





Living Pictures

ON the evening of March 16, Miss Pearson and some of the young ladies of Taconic Hall who are particularly gifted with good looks, had in store for us a rare treat in the form of living pictures. Many invited guests were present, and at eight o'clock wondrous visions were revealed to our expectant eyes. After seeing these we realized more than ever what a treasure we possess in having Miss Pearson for our art instructor.

The first pictures shown to us surely outrivaled anything that we might see at a spring opening: Florence Kilburn in "Vogue" and Virginia Burges in "Spring." Next we saw Eleanore Hohner as Psyche, and the portrayal was perfect. Others who were equally charming in their roles were Catherine Cullen and Catherine Carney in "Afternoon Tea;" Miss Chilson as "The Boy of Winander;" Harriet Smith in "The Minuet;" Nellie Mann and Mary Mullaney as "Mammy" and Gertrude Wolfe as "A Balkan Peasant Girl."

Very appropriate indeed was the "Primary Class," in which Rita Kenney, Constance Harrington, Amy Hardy, Faye Wells and Alettha Stiles made perfect youngsters hard at work under the supervision of their school-marm, Ethel Robinson.

Grace Foster in "The Last Rose of Summer," Margaret Barnes in "The Flower Girl," and Emily Bissell in "Hark! Hark! the Lark" were splendid, and were heartily applauded.

"The Dance" was remarkable. How could it have been otherwise with Dorothy Morris and her able partner, Hazel Dennison for "models?" Lyle Chandler and Ethel Sackett were adorable in "The Twins." Bessie Sheehan as a "Greek Figure" and the "Floral Festival," including Marion Haight, Margaret Halloran, Mabel Weeks, Calista Roberts and Lempie Kallio were especially good.

A most fitting finale was "Auld Lang Syne," in which Sarah Clark and Agnes O'Neill did full justice to the original.

Dorothy A. Lynch



Hallowe'en Party

*"The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine."*

COULD it be that all knew the witches were planning a feast different from most of their revels? Such to me is the reason why so large a crowd assembled in the gymnasium on October 30, 1915, for a merry good time.

Down the dimly lighted staircase and thru the darkened tunnel filed such an array of personages that the very walls themselves looked on wonderingly. Martha Washington cavorted gaily with jolly farmer boys; fine dandies in white trousers escorted timid little Quaker girls; merry clowns together with a spritely Mercury darted hither and thither; and Buster Brown made ardent love to Mary Jane. To the strains of music all seated themselves to observe the dances arranged for their benefit. The Witches' Dance and Jack o' Lantern Joe were executed admirably and were received with great applause. Then a sepulchral voice floated upon the air announcing that fortune-telling and general dancing would now be observed. How excited and happy all of us were as we kept time to an entrancing waltz or a rollicking one-step! The farthest corner on the right acted as a magnet in drawing the crowd. And why not? For that which impelled their steps thither was a drink fit for the gods.

As with all good things, even this had an ending. A faint sigh, a whispered "good-bye," and the dancers were gone. As they were going out, I lingered awhile behind. In spite of the black and orange bunting, in spite of the grinning Jack o' Lanterns ranged along the wall, in spite of the tall husks of corn, how lonesome the gymnasium was! So I sadly came away, leaving the black cats and the witches to hold their midnight frolic by themselves.

Marie Nash



Can You Imagine?

Ethel Robinson without a book bag.
Madeline Robbins in a georgette crepe waist.
Miss Pearson in a blue shirt waist and a red skirt.
Mr. Smith without a joke.
A normal school without lesson plans.
Miss Pearson five minutes early for chapel.
Mr. Eldridge at a public dance.
Hazel Nichols with rosy cheeks.
Estelle Jerou eating a raw egg.
Anne Fallon forgetting to bring her milk bottle.
Mildred Crews remaining silent during an argument.
A dance being held in the assembly hall.
Hazel Hunt married to a minister.
Miss Skeelee with her eyes raised in chapel.
Dot Morris saying, "You first, my dear Alphonse!"
Grace Henchey, a nun.
Miss Waterman singing.
Men attending our school.
Any of the teachers neglecting to give us home work.
A town girl walking up Church St. without curious bundles.
A grand finale without deficiencies.
Isabel Larkin with a soiled collar.
Agnes Lashway single.
Mary MacLaren with nothing to do.
Miss Sholes being unfair.
Mr. Smith with a grouch.
Myra Blanchard on time for chapel.



1917

1917

SENIORS' C I R C U S

N. A. N. S.

GYM.

FINE ATTRACTIONS

1. Band Concert
2. World famous parade of Elephants, Giraffes, Lions, Tigers, etc.
3. The Jolly Jumbles, world famous Artistic Tumblers
4. Song—PRIMA DONNA
5. Dancing—MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE

WONDERFUL SIDE SHOWS

OTHER ATTRACTIONS

Win a Prize

Candy and Popcorn for Sale

Come with a full POCKETBOOK and LAUGH!!!!

SATURDAY, APR. 14, 1917

AT 7:30

ADMISSION

5 CENTS

The Circus

THE circus held at Taconic Hall on Saturday, April fourteenth, was one which all who saw it would agree put Ringling Brothers in the shade.

The first thing on the program was an inharmonious concert by the Too Comic Band of fourteen pieces, under the leadership of the world famous band mistress, Miss Dorothy Lynch. At the close of the concert, the ring master, Miss Mabel Lilly, entered and introduced her trained animals. The band struck up "Tipperary," and to this martial strain the entire company marched in parade. The band headed the procession, followed by the ring master and two graceful ostriches, which seemed bent on seeing all the sideshows. Then came the elephant on whose massive trunk rode Anna Ballard Marie Pritchard; a giraffe, plainly labeled (that it might not be mistaken); a famous wood-sawyer, Ethel Robinson; the nation-wide renowned horseback rider, Irene Betters, mounted on a fiery steed; Marion Howard as an adorable chocolate cream "hop"; Mildred Mason as a barker; Faye Wells, Francis Kinne, Alice MacArthur and Harriet Smith as clowns; and, completing the procession, came Ethel Sackett as a monkey, with her master, Hazel Dennison, the hand-organ grinder.

1917 NORMAN ALLEN

For the spectators there were now rare treats in store in the sideshows. To be brief, some of these were: Mabel Weeks as Fortune Teller; Charlie Chaplin, secured for one night only at an enormous expenditure; the deep-sea divers; and the balloon ascension. In addition to these great attractions, Nellie Mann kindly loaned her face for the evening, that the audience might have three shots at it for three cents; and mystery tents, one for men only, and one for women only, drew the curious. Still other attractions were the merry-go-round; Agnes O'Neill, who as snake-charmer, outrivalled any ever before witnessed; and Bessie Sheehan, who as the "Wild Woman" filled the hearts of the observers with terror. You could see your Prehistoric Ancestor for the sum of three cents; the bear from the Taconic Third Floor Menagerie, believed to have been shot in Charlemont by Teddy Roosevelt; the two-headed woman, Emily Bissell and Lucy Blood; or last, but not least, Mrs. Thin and Mrs. Fat, charmingly portrayed by Edna Harmon and Sarah Clark.

During intermission the throng was held spell-bound by the daring feats performed by some of the company. Anna Dooley ascended the rope in the twinkling of an eye, and in another twinkling she was down again; in a third twinkling she turned several somersaults; the "Taconic Fauncy" was shown for the first time by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, viz: Catherine Carney and Lyle Chandler; Marie Corcoran gave a lengthy discourse on the Evolution of Man, her specimen being the aforementioned monkey; the clowns then convulsed the audience with their latest jokes and hits on those present; and Catherine Carney, "Our Only Prima Donna" rendered a charming selection called "Rackety Coo."

These events concluded the evening's program and the great throng merrily departed.

Dorothy Lynch

Sarah Clark



SENIOR CIRCUS



Our Musical

ON Friday evening, March second, a rare musical treat was afforded to the faculty and students, as well as to the community.

This was a recital given by Mr. Harrison Potter, a former pupil of Professor David Roberts of this city, and held under the auspices of the class of 1917.

The program, which was exceptionally well rendered, included selections from the works of Schumann, MacDowell, Chopin, Fox, Strauss, Taussig, and other famous composers.

Mr. Potter was assisted by Miss Beulah Whitney, the well-known local soprano, and by Miss Ruth Bartlett, accompanist.

An interesting incident occurred, which caused a bit of discomfort among the Senior class. It had been quietly planned that Mr. Smith, of the faculty, be presented with a bit of work during the short intermissions between Mr. Potter's and Miss Whitney's selections. Great was our disappointment when the fatal time approached and no Mr. Smith appeared on the scene! Hurried rearrangements were made, which put the worried Seniors beyond the pales of anxiety.

The affair was a success from every standpoint, and much of this success is due to Miss Pearson, Miss Waterman and Miss Lamphier, of the faculty, and to Professor David Roberts and Mr. George Larkin.

Ella Levenson

The Twentieth Anniversary

LONG will we remember February 1st, 1917. On that morning our assembly hall was gay with flowers and banners and we were all filled with anticipation.

Two minutes of nine came,—all was confusion; one minute,—all was silence. Then with one accord the students rose and right heartily gave the Normal call, as the Faculty entered, led by Mr. Murdock and Miss Pearson.

Would that we could express our enjoyment of the keen wit with which Miss Pearson recounted the first events of Normal life, and with which she paid to the principal and the early teachers delicate tributes of appreciation.

Mr. Murdock, much taken by surprise, could scarcely express his feelings, as the many classes, which had been entrusted to his care, flashed before the eyes of memory. As always, he was equal to the occasion, however, and in his short address manifested his pleasure, gratitude and pride in Normal, past and present.

During the hour of celebration, our Alma Mater once more sheltered the members of the first class; not all, for there were those whom duty kept away, but even they were not absent in spirit, as the prompt arrival of letters and telegrams proved.

For the class of 1917, this joyful day is another link in the chain of memories which binds us closely to our Alma Mater.

Katherine Flynn



Senior Superlatives

Most to be admired—MANN
Best all-around girl—LEVENSON
Most ambitious—LYNCH
Most artistic—CARNEY
Most athletic—O'NEILL
Biggest bluffer—HENCHY
Brightest—HICKEY
Most stylish—HAIGHT
Best cook—STILES
Cutest—M. SHEEHAN
Best dancer—CROWTHER
Most energetic—ROBINSON
Most enthusiastic—WEHINGER
Class farmer—DURNIN
Class giggler—BARRETT
Greatest grind—ROBBINS
Heard the least—GEER
Heart-breaker—CAROLAN
Most inveterate joker—F. WELLS
Jolliest—H. WELLS
Worst knocker—OTIS
Worst man-hater—CLARK
Most mischievous—MACARTHUR

Miss Simplicity—BLOOD
Most modest—F. DOHERTY
Most musical—FALLON
Best natured—B. SHEEHAN
Noisiest—CORCORAN
Neatest—LASHWAY
Most optimistic—E. BROWN
Worst pest—CREWS
Prettiest—DUNFREY
Prima donna—MORIER
Most popular—MACLAREN
Quietest—CASEY
Smallest—PRITCHARD
Greatest social star—NASH
Greatest sport—NICHOLS
Most ardent suffragist—WOLFE
Worst tease—TURNER
Best thinker—G. BROWN
Most thoughtful—FLYNN
Vanity Fair—MULCARE
Most versatile—HOYT
Wittiest—LARKIN
Youngest—GOULD



Memorandum

(Lest You Forget)

Deficiency slips.
Grandfather's farm.
The founder of Mormonism.
The man dances.
Picture hunting.
Clear cut.
The bulletin board.
Ella Flag Young.
Experiences related in economics.
Folk dances.
"See me."
Balance, rhythm, harmony.
Lectures on culture.
Character reading.
The library quietness.
Interviews with superintendents.
Noon dances.
Dressing room chats.
Spreads.
"Do you see what I mean?"
"Perhaps."

COMMENCEMENT





Address of Welcome

MEMBERS of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Classmates; dear Friends:
In behalf of the class of 1917, I extend to you all a most sincere and hearty welcome. Not the least of the pleasures of Class Day is to have so many of our friends with us to share in its festivities.

It is almost with a feeling of regret that we, the largest graduating class in the history of the school, gather here to-day. Suddenly we are brought to the realization that we are no longer to remain a united family, but that we must soon separate, each traveling in her own path. It is due to the constant stimulus of our principal and teachers, combined with our own efforts, that we are launching out on our life's work. We feel that their constant counsel and advice have been so strongly impressed upon us that we have formed good habits of living.

These influences have tended to make us a remarkable class. In fact, when you hear what we have to say for ourselves, I am sure that you will agree with me that this is a very extraordinary class indeed.

And so again we welcome you all to enjoy with us to-day one of the final triumphs of our normal school course.

Mary MacLaren



Address to the Juniors

MEMBERS of the Junior Class, dear Schoolmates and Friends;
It is with much sorrow, tinged also with joy, that we, the members of 1917, pause to say, "Goodbye."

Looking up at blue skies, and out over the world, beautiful with flowers, and throbbing with life and promise, we realize that we are soon to leave our Alma Mater, rich in hope, to go bravely out into new walks of life.

Of course, being the largest class that ever entered Normal, and believing ourselves to have "Quality as well as Quantity," we hope to have large places to fill, great opportunities to meet; success that is clean and pure from the stain of injustice to another; health, happiness, and enough of wealth to lift life above the deadly grind and to share with those who need.

Worthy Juniors, tomorrow we leave our places for you to fill, granting that you are deserving the name—Seniors.

At this parting moment allow us to give to you a bit of advice.

Our word to the whole class is, *be dignified!* You will soon have first place, and it behooves you to set the right example for the incoming Juniors. But also, *be friendly!* *Intermingle!* As Cicero said, "Solemnity and gravity on all occasions certainly carry with them dignity; but *friendship* ought to be easier and more free, more pleasing and tending more to every kind of politeness and good nature."

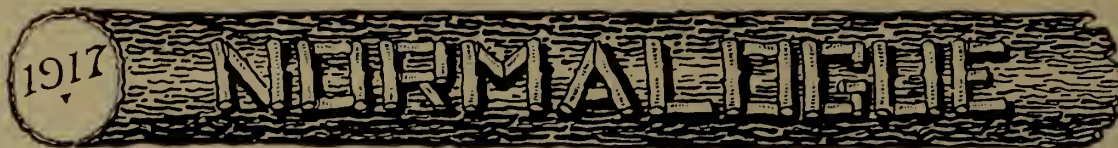
To those in the "Dorm:" *Extinguish your lights at 10:15!* Why? I am sure I need not mention the reason.

Girls, you have the seed of democratic government in your Student Council. *Keep it!* If you ever expect to govern, learn to obey. By your own vote you place your comrades in the positions of command, and when, in the fall of the year, you choose your officers, nominate those who will be the wisest, most conscientious, and serve you the best. Then, after they have been elected, *stand by them!* If their decisions do not always please you, put yourselves in their places. Then I feel *sure* all will be understood.

Don't go out with the gentlemen *too* often, because thus you might have a slight possibility of joining the forty-ninth state of the Union—*Matrimony*—and of course you know what Normal stands for, so we can not have that.

Now, to those not in the "Dorm:" Remember the "movies" are not the "gym." Although at times you think as much pleasure is gained there, *duty comes first.*

" 'Joy is a duty', so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore;
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.



But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ;
'Life is Divine when Duty is a Joy'."

In the morning, *try* to arise (if not fully awake) in order to be present in assembly a *few* mornings of each month.

Dear Juniors, when you have geography next year, no matter how far you travel in imagination, you will learn it is necessary always to use good English. So do not feel discouraged if you receive deficiency slips reminding you of this. Remember, "Failure is that early morning hour of darkness which precedes the dawning of the day of success."

In the study of psychology, we feel certain that you will cherish that dear old subject, as *every* Senior does.

Where we have failed, profit by our mistakes. From the loyal support you have given us during this year together, we are sure that with the aid of the faculty, you will attain an enviable height of perfection by next June. Take their advice, and, when your turn comes to enter your field of work, you will be as deeply grateful as we are now, to the teachers who have worked for our welfare.

As our parting words, I quote from Henry Van Dyke:

"The mountains that inclose the vale
With walls of granite, steep and high,
Invite the fearless foot to scale
Their stairway toward the sky.

The restless, deep, dividing sea
That flows and foams from shore to shore,
Calls to its sunburned chivalry,
'Put out, set sail, explore!'

The bars of life at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring set
Ajar before the soul.

Say not, "Too poor," but freely give,
Sigh not, "Too weak," but boldly try;
You never can begin to live
Until you dare to die."

Helen L. Wells



Response to the Seniors

Members of the Graduating Class:

The time has come when with sad hearts, but with many happy remembrances, we must bid farewell to you. You leave to-day for a higher rank in this great world of ours, while we are left to take your places.

The word "graduate" comes from the Latin, meaning "to take a step." Your graduation to-day seems to be the end of your formal education, yet it is only one more step. Every experience by which you gain knowledge or strength of character is a step into a broader and fuller life. Though it may not be marked by such an occasion as this, we must not forget that each event is a stepping stone to the future. Tennyson in his poem "Ulysses" makes the old hero say:

"Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
Gleams the untravelled world whose
Margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."

For one short year we have been among you, but during that time friendships have been formed which can never be forgotten. When sixty-nine poor lost Juniors wandered last October, into this yellow brick building upon the hill, what should we ever have done if it had not been for your guiding hands? Had it not been for your warnings, we should never have been able, in music, to stand before the class and to allow those present to realize the fact that we could not sing; nor should we have been able to undergo the physical contortions of language class. Most of us had thought that we could talk, but found, as you had foretold, that we spoke with our mouths closed and our tongues passive.

At the beginning of the year, the dignified Seniors would not condescend to have a competitive meet with the Juniors in the gymnasium, but after some persuasion they were induced to do so. To their great amazement we were able to defeat them at double goal, although we were not successful in other games. But we have worked so faithfully that we feel that we shall be able to defeat the new Juniors, even in double goal. The inability of the Seniors to cope with us was no doubt due to the fact that so many of them, especially the town girls, seemed to feel a sudden duty to visit the Empire or the Richmond on "gym" days.

You have cautioned us to be dignified. Why do you feel called upon to warn us in this respect? Is not example better than precept? You all remember the morning when Mr. Murdock informed us that the names of the last four people arriving in every class would be handed to him. Who then made a wild rush for the stairs, crushing down anyone who happened to be in the way? Possibly there were a few Juniors among them, but they had only begun to imitate the actions of their elders.

Members of your class who live at Taconic Hall have traversed the corridors during the past year knocking, "Lights Out." How often at these times you have sent some poor frightened Junior to her room, only to give you a chance to have that last parting chat with a member of your own class! We obeyed, of course, but with the fervent hope that we might have similar authority over the Juniors next year.



To your president and the other officers of the class of 1917 we owe a great debt. In our hour of need, when clouds hung over our class, we had only to turn to Mary MacLaren, whose cheering words made us open our eyes to see the sunshine banishing the clouds. In the midst of our troubles she seemed to say:

"They might not need me; but they might,
I'll let my head be just in sight.
A smile as small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity."

For the many kindnesses you have all shown us, we are extremely grateful. We can only wish you the highest success throughout your lives.

We are soon to take your places, and we will do our best to prove ourselves worthy of them. You, who have helped us over the rocky path, will look on while we attempt to ferret out, in psychology, whether we are colonies or individuals, and to learn in geography whether the moonlight will warm the hands. Yet we will remember that we are but a cog in the wheel of this world, and, if each of us does her part, the wheel will revolve, and that our turn will come in due time.

In your efforts for success you will find yourselves beset with many difficulties, but each may be overcome if you will but

"Have Hope. Though clouds are gathered round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put off the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
Through sullen calm or tempests' mirth,
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter like a circling sun,
Thy charities on all."

Marguerite V. Kenney





Class History

IN the sultry September of 1915, a calm, hopeful five-score of high school graduates, firm in the conviction that "Knowledge is Power," entered the portals of North Adams Normal School in search of further information.

Most of us, with good reason, felt ourselves very well learned, and expected to find the coming two years of work less difficult than the past four.

After chapel services on our first morning, we immediately set to work upon our duties as prospective teachers. Were they easy? Not so simple as we had expected to find them. For our time was wholly occupied by work of a professional nature. However, our naturally keen minds had been well trained, and we won laurels for ourselves; although the Pythagorean puzzle brought thoughtful, sometimes angry, wrinkles to the foreheads of even our most brilliant mathematicians.

Many of us can not easily forget, nor happily remember, our painstaking attempts to handle correctly knitting needles, planes, saws, and (would you believe it?) paint brushes.

Under Miss Baright's guidance we have developed into splendid orators—those whom you to-day hear being but a small percentage of all our excellent speakers.

School work did not hinder the social side of life from taking its proper place, for the Senior Reception and the Junior Hallowe'en Party were genuine successes.

In the spring, an agreeable surprise was in store for us, namely, a visit from the Hon. David I. Walsh, then governor of Massachusetts, who gave us an inspiring talk.

Have you ever heard of school gardens? Could you have been in North Adams in the summer of 1916, you would have seen eighty-four splendid gardens made by the Class of 1917 of North Adams Normal School. Raking, hoeing, and such work were at first strongly objected to, but Mr. Smith's cheery smile and his unfailing stories aroused a proper attitude toward our tasks. If it is true that "by the work one knows the workman," how well those gardens could have told our tales of triumph!

Thus the days, weeks, and months flew happily by, bringing both work and fun, and soon June came, and with it, Commencement. Gathering daisies, decorating, and serving punch were part of our Class Day duties, which we fulfilled with the same degree of excellence characteristic of all our performances. I wonder who of us did not covet the white paper, rolled and tied, the reward of toil, to each Senior?

Graduation over, a farewell was said to all, and we departed to our homes to spend our summer vacation.

On October 2, after a delay of three weeks, owing to the prevalence of infantile paralysis, we returned as Seniors, resolved not to tell any tales of "poor marks," "call downs" and the like to unsuspecting Juniors.

Why is it that mathematics is such a bugbear to girls? I can not tell, but, nevertheless, we felt glad that arithmetic was over, although lesson plans were to take its place.

Following the example of all Senior classes, we tendered a reception to the Juniors, but during this reception the lights were extinguished, and our party was rendered a unique affair. An enjoyable evening was spent, which was equalled in success only by the Junior Hallowe'en party.



The business of money-making for the printing of the Class Book was entered into with vim. Only the ability of our president kept us from "losing our heads" in the exciting meetings which were held. Under her wise management, coupled with the enthusiasm of the Class Book officers and the work of the class, all schemes were undeniably successful.

I can not pass over our "Gym" exhibitions, which even Miss Skeelee admits were unsurpassed. Who could but marvel at the versatility of talent shown? To see those girls climbing ropes would certainly lead anyone to admit the likelihood of Darwin's theory on "The Evolution of Man."

After a course in United States history and economics, during which we cheerfully disposed of the money of American millionaires, and elected the president of the United States, it certainly was a blow to our spirits to find that Mr. Smith would no longer have Senior classes.

Our hard work in psychology, however, made us forget other hardships. Pitiful, indeed, must have been the attempts of other classes to distinguish the amoeba from the vorticella, to give the definition of a paragraph, and to trace the steps in advancement from the lowest to the highest forms of life! Even our capable class showed not its usual excellence of ideas here. However, our perseverance, industry, and brilliancy brought us through places where others "feared to tread."

Our work in the training school, also was marked with great success, as all who know will gladly testify.

I am no prophet, but I can easily see the names of many of our illustrious class on the pages of "Who's Who in America" within two decades. Surely in our number there must be a Rosa Bonheur, a Melba, a Jane Addams, a Madame Montessori, and others who can set new standards in the departments of sewing, cooking, carpentry, handicraft, and geography.

But let us hope that in years to come, though we never become renowned nor famous, we may reflect credit upon our Alma Mater, by our work itself and by our interest in the school children in our care, and by our helpful attitude toward them. Let us remember that

"True worth lies in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by, some little good,
Not in dreaming of great things to do bye and bye."

May we always so conduct our lives that the faculty and school may refer with pride to the North Adams Normal School Class of 1917!

Rose Hickey





Prophecy, 1917

FAR, far away from the Realm of the Present, rising from the Sea of Possibility, shines the Isle of Tomorrow. There, in a palace built of the ambitions, the hopes, and the longings of humanity, lives the Know-All Man.

Have you ever met him? No? Then pause a few moments, and forget the busy world, while I reveal to you the great secrets which I learned while visiting that wise prophet.

Not long ago I put on the wings of imagination, and, leaving behind all the doubts and cares of Today, I sped to that mysterious and magnetic Isle. On my arrival I saw, surrounded by sprites of Love and Joy, the Know-All Man, the very personification of sagacity. He spoke no word, but smiled a welcome.

Thus encouraged, I said: "Good sir, the time is at hand when the girls of 1917 must leave their dear Alma Mater, and enter the School of Life. Before that sad day make known, I beseech you, what the Fates have in store for the members of the largest class which North Adams Normal has ever fostered."

"Follow me, and I will let you find out for yourself," was his reply.

He led me into a cheery library where ranged hundreds and hundreds of gleaming shelves were the crimson books of the Future. These books shone and sparkled in my vision, for you know that the Future when seen through spectacles of Faith and Youth is always bright.

Taking down one of the most brilliant of all the volumes, my host handed it to me. Part of what I read there in dazzling letters of purest gold, I will reveal to you, as follows:

Not many years hence all of the leading newspapers in the country will print this business card:

E. M. BARRETT AND C. B. BRACE

PROFESSORS OF SCIENTIFIC GIGGLING AND LAUGHING

Lucy Blood, however, will not desire any such extensive publicity. Quietly she will return to her own city of Stamford to organize a Pestalozzian school.

In the most desolate spot on the top of Florida Mountain, Florence and Gladys will establish a Brown School for girls. The reason for its location will be to keep the young ladies from the dangerous sex.

Northampton will receive Virginia Burges, not as an inmate of its most famed institution, but as matron of an orphan asylum.

Poor little Margaret Buzzell! Her fate is almost too sad to mention. Not accidentally but voluntarily, she will become a Cripple.

On Beacon Street in Boston, Catherine Carney and Marie Corcoran will conduct a little tea room called "The Long and Short of It." Their most frequent visitor will be Sarah Carolan



the Massachusetts senatoress, who, by dint of great labor, will succeed in having a law passed, prohibiting any and all persons from conversing with conductors and motormen while they are on duty.

Two bills in the House which will attract much attention will be those introduced by Lena Otis: one to prevent the extermination of frogs, and the other to relieve all persons forced to stand up in trolley cars from the necessity of paying for the space occupied.

Vermont will claim Helen Carswell. Anna Casey will organize a school for little boys. Nevertheless, Anna will not object to having older brothers call upon her pupils.

If Barnum and Bailey's Circus ever travels to your town, you will certainly see Lyle Chandler as the only and original American giantess, and Almira Blanchard as the renowned fat woman.

Lured by charms of the footlights, Sarah Clark will join the chorus. On the other hand, Theresa Conlon, desirous of a more permanent occupation, will become an eye specialist.

Despairing of marked success in America, Hazel Hunt will journey to India to persuade the natives "to reduce" by her special method. Her treatment, if properly followed, will cause the patient to lose the whole of eight ounces in as many years. Near her, Maud Coons will study to discover her true relationship to the racoons of the jungle.

Do you remember Mildred Crews' favorite song? Ah, well! She will stop singing "My Heart's in New Hampshire," and go to join that long absent organ.

New Year's 1919 will find Celia Doherty at Cornell University, taking an advanced course in psychology, particularly chart study. Her sister Frances will accept a responsible position with John D. Rockefeller, in order to make him familiar with the valuable suggestions made in Senior economics.

Imagine, if you can, Anna Driscoll as a social reformer. As such everyone will see her before many years have flown past. While Anna is engaged in this strenuous work, Alice Dunn will be just as busy teaching the little tow-headed youngsters of Pownal, and endeavoring to help her whole community.

After accepting a life position in the Cheney Silk Company's factory, Anastatia Donovan will cease to introduce Harold as her brother.

Even now we all realize how busy the members of our faculty are. Soon it will be necessary to add to their number. Thus Agnes Durnin will find herself in Normal as Miss Skeele's assistant. One of her duties will be to lecture the Juniors on such subjects as, "The Road to the Richmond Leads but to Destruction" or "Imperial Joy is Short Lived." Then, too, Lillian Morier will become the instructor in color harmonies in her Alma Mater.

In quiet Williamstown Anne Fallon will make a reputation for herself by building an orphanage for cats, in order that "Booty Peach" may have playmates.

As Katherine Flynn has made the statement, "I will never marry a man unless his hair

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matches mine," she will devote her life to the search for one of the opposite sex who possesses just the shade of purple hair which Miss Pearson claims that our classmate has.

Happily (?) and peacefully (?) Ethel Garland and Dorothy Morris will dwell in a tiny white house seventy miles from nowhere. Neither the charms of occupation nor matrimony will persuade either to leave the other. Such devotion is very touching.

Do you remember how often Dorris Gould spoke of her uncle Jay Gould? After proving beyond a doubt her relationship, she will journey to her cousin Helen Gould Shepard to share the Gould fortune.

Marian Haight will use the menus she has so carefully prepared at Normal in establishing an experiment station with a Bud as the most important decoration. Fortunately there will be no fatal results.

Giving up all hope of ever acquiring a fortune at school teaching, Mora Haskins and Margaret Halloran will turn their backs on their chosen profession, and become travelling saleswomen. Their specialty will be hymn books, with playing cards as a side issue.

Nor will the East keep all the members of our class. Grace Henchy will go to visit the Indians to learn from them the correct way to handle a Bow.

As for Rose Hickey, our seven years' wonder, she will succeed in mixing an orange dye to match her hair that she may apply Miss Pearson's art principles.

Estelle Jerou will first work in the Williamstown Post Office, but will find it more profitable later to wander not on the banks of, but along the banks with Clyde.

When you buy hand-tinted post cards, look at the initials in the corner. More than likely they will be those of Florence Hoyt.

One of the best ways by which anyone can help people is by making good use of the pen. In this line of service our class will not be lacking. Among the popular books of Tomorrow will be "The Sin of Going to Movies" written by Helen Hoag, and dedicated to Esther Geer, the well-known designer of the individual wings so long desired by Mr. Smith. Another interesting volume will be "Hints for the Use of Gymnasium Periods," the work of Emma Rudnick.

All who have been favored with the delightful songs of Agnes Keefe will not be surprised to learn that she will enter Grand Opera within twelve months. On the night of her debut, Ruth Joyce will present her with a box of her delicious cream puffs, and Matilda Hettinger with a bushel of potatoes from her war garden.

Springfield will claim Ella Levenson, not as a soldier for its camps, but as a housekeeper for Bob.

Several times during her course here Margaret Mack has descended the stairs a little too rapidly for comfort. Soon, she will become the fair bride of the owner of the Shoot-the-chutes at Coney Island where she may tumble to her heart's content. In addition to this pleasure, Margaret will have the joy of being near Helen Dunfrey, who will keep a popcorn and peanut stand in Luna Park.



"Mann-Less Wedding" will be the heading of a column in the Wilmington City Journal in the near future. Don't be alarmed. It will only be the announcement of Nellie Mann's marriage to Mr. Percival Ebenezer Less.

Associated with those who wear uniforms adorned with the Red Cross, we shall find Marie Nash. By administering to the soldiers' needs, she will be a blessing to her country.

One of the strangest things about our class is the interest of many of its members in Harolds. Hazel Nichols will teach in the town Harold, while Margaret Sheehan will secure employment in the Harold office.

Have you ever played guard against Agnes O'Neill? If you have, you will not be astonished to learn that she will receive the championship basketball medal for women.

Because of her interest in large ports, Flossie Pearson will devote much time to the study of the intricacies of Cheshire Harbor.

Anyone who has been forced to change cars at Coatsville will be glad to hear that Helen Reed will have a pleasant cottage built there in which all can wait comfortably.

Madeline Robbins will become a star actress in the Smith, Murdock Movie Producing Company. In spite of the great popularity that will be hers, she will not lose sight of her friend, Ethel Robinson, who will give instruction in modern dancing.

Marjorie Wehinger will be engaged by the Palmer Company to travel from city to city, giving exhibitions of her excellent writing.

In Aesop's fable the wolf devoured the lamb. Do not think anything so disgraceful of our Gertrude Wolfe. She will not ravenously consume her Lamb; she will sail the matrimonial seas with him.

Willingly Helen Wells will wend her way to Amherst, and patiently teach her little school during the time that Faye Wells will be enjoying all the thrills that travel can offer.

Pittsfield and Murry will be all that Alice MacArthur will ask, and Rose Kells' chief ambition will be to become a "Roy"-al good cook.

Mary Macksey will live up to her motto of "Better late than never." On the other hand, Margaret Warren will always be on time, especially when going to the bank.

Just one glance at the sparkler which Mary MacLaren, our little president, wears on her left hand will be sufficient to convince you that the teaching profession cannot count her among its followers.

Elizabeth Mulcare will consider dancing and clothes her chief aim, and the instruction of children merely a necessary evil.

Just now, while the need of our country is so great, it is not to be wondered at that Eleanor Hohner will take up wireless for her life work, and that Dorothy Lynch and Annie Hilton will utilize their time sewing for the army.

In the town of Lenox, Aletha Stiles and Harriet Smith will open a barber shop. There also Anna Pritchard and Ethel Sackett, the famous women architects, will have their office.



Isabelle Larkin and Agnes Lashway will bid farewell to North Adams and take up their abodes in Worcester. The former will respond to the call of the stage, and the latter will be content to stay near Holy Cross.

Picture to yourself a laboratory, a heap of frogs' heads, angle worms and pigs' ears, and an individual with thick glasses examining them. Such will be Mary Wheeler's favorite avocation.

Savoy and Windsor will offer the delights of rural schools to Daisy Turner and Marion Waite, thereby giving them great opportunities for practicing their theories. In the last mentioned place Bessie Sheehan will erect an old maid's home, or should I say a maiden ladies' retreat?

Candida Tadiello will take up farming. Loretta Troy will find ample room for service in the suffrage field.

All these things and many more were written in that red book which told of the lives cheered by the girls of 1917, of the burdens lightened by them and, best of all, which gave assurance that our loving heavenly Father will always care for His children, no matter where duty calls them.

Suddenly the wings of imagination took flight and left me gazing at the Know-All Man. Gradually the glittering shelves faded from my sight and the old man vanished into thin air. Startled, I made a quick motion, rubbed my eyes and stood up. In my own library, before the crackling fire, I was standing, dazed and a trifle awed by my strange journey to the Isle of To-morrow.

Esther Brown





Prophecy on Prophet

IT was a stormy afternoon of one of the uneventful days following Christmas, and as I sat down at my desk about to busy myself with thank you notes, I was surrounded by three laughing, fair-haired girls who begged to be amused.

As I looked up, I saw their mother entering the room and with—"That reminds me, do you remember—?" we were once again lost in reviewing Normal School days and those amusing happenings, the recollections of which had brightened her holiday visit to my home.

"Twenty years ago," I said, "does it seem possible?"

"But our story—you know, a really true story! Now, you promised!" Thus rang out the appealing voices of these gay young girls until I could put them off no longer. At mention of a true story, I immediately thought of one of our classmates, and turning to the girls' mother, I said, "You remember Esther, our class prophet. If ever one's life has been a really true adventurous story, hers has," and so I began my tale:

"When at Normal Esther Brown fairly bubbled through her course in a light-hearted fashion, for what cause had she to worry? Did she not, every day without fail, rise majestically when called upon, and discuss freely the subjects at hand in a deep, far-seeing manner? And did she not, in recreation hours, 'Fleck' the moments away in thorough enjoyment?"

"Thus she appeared to us, but evidently she did not treat all subjects lightly, for I heard that after teaching just one year, she resisted the entreaties of her biggest subject, with the declaration that Love was something diverting to read about, but for those who looked for more, there was Life!

"And so she began her dealings with Life. Esther first devoted herself to taking the temperatures of dashing young cavalry officers, and exercising her dramatic talents by reading to them their love letters in a most appealing fashion.

"Goaded onward by patriotic zeal, she joined the corps of ambulance drivers, and after the performance of more than one daring feat, became famous through the "Pathe Weekly News." Esther evidently enjoyed this form of notoriety, for she soon became one of the many Screen Stars.

"And so on through hardship once in a while, through luxury most of the time, through travel and adventure did she see Life, but these latter phases presented so many vicissitudes, that upon receipt of a certain important letter from home, Esther finally decided to settle down. She builded before her, in her mind's eye, a cosy farm cottage within easy access of the Adams car barn, and dreamed of the time when she could once more "Fleck" the hours and days and years away, in complete happiness."

Anne Fallon



Class Will

K NOW all men by these presents, that we, the class of Nineteen Hundred Seventeen, of the North Adams Normal School, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and sensible of our old age and of our departing the Normal school life at a period in the near future, do hereby make this our last will and testament; hereby revoking any and all former wills by us, as a class, heretofore made.

First, we hereby direct the several executors hereinafter named, said executors being the various legatees under this our said will, to carry out as soon as may be, after our decease as a class, the several bequests hereinafter named.

The following members in said class desire to bequeath the following gifts to the dear friends we are leaving behind us, said friends being deserving of them:

1. Mary MacLaren, her ability in managing class affairs, to the next Senior president.
2. Madeline Robbins, her conscientiousness, to Ruth Spooner.
3. Virginia Burgess and Eleanor Hohner, their unbreakable band of friendship to Courtney and Greenwood.
4. Emma Barrett, her irrepressible laugh, to Amy Hardy.
5. Agnes O'Neill, Mildred Crews, Loretta Troy, Candida Tadiello and Marjorie Wehinger their art in making baskets to any five Juniors desiring such ability.
6. The Pearson-Halloran combination, their trade at the Wilson House, to Alice Purnell and Rose Esler.
7. Maud Coons and Helen Hoag, their seats at the Richmond to May Allsop and Kathryn Toolan.
8. Sara Carolan, Hazel Hunt and Ruth Joyce, their two years' flirtations, to three incoming Pittsfield students.
9. Margaret Sheehan, her good times, to her namesake, Margaret Shean.
10. Having made these personal gifts, the class as a whole, will and bequeath, grant and devise unto:

The Faculty; our appreciation of the good service rendered by them, together with our approval of their work in *general*, and our pardon for all their faults.

To our esteemed Principal, F. F. Murdock, we will a housekeeper to see that the desks in the Assembly hall, are kept in good order, and all moneys that may be left in the treasury, after the payment of our just debts, to recompense him for that which he cannot cajole from the state for the further beautifying of our school.

To Mr. Eldridge; Our many thanks for his ever-ready help in the editing of our class book; also a book of deficiency slips, as this year's supply is probably exhausted.

To Miss Searle; A stamping outfit for the printing of "See Me" upon numerous papers and lesson plans, in order to save some of that energy which she so faithfully and patiently expends on the Glee Club.

To Miss Pearson; a class more apt in the art of hand-lettering, together with the beautiful view from her class room window.

To Miss Waterman; A suffrage banner and better luck next time when the question of woman suffrage is to be voted upon.



To Mr. Smith; The teacher whom we *all* love, we bequeath at his request a class like ourselves.

To Miss Skeelee; Any extra broom handles and yard sticks, to be used in the execution of such dances as the Rigs O'Marlow and the Sword Dance.

To Miss Sholes; Our lifelong gratitude for showing to us, in cooking class, the way to a man's heart.

To Miss Lamphier; All uncaned chair seats with which to confront the Juniors next September.

To Miss Baright; A Senior and Junior class, who will, at all times borrow and return books in the proper manner, together with all mutilated magazines sacrificed in the cause of author booklets.

To Mrs. Couch; Our love and respect. We also bequeath to her a clerk to assist her in her many and manifold duties.

To the Training School Teachers; The next Senior class, to teach to make lesson plans, and to criticize.

And now come our generous bequests to the two classes, present and future.

To the class of 1919, we bequeath a bottle of spirits—class spirits, of course— and we trust they will drink this bottle empty. Together with this, we also will a plan of the buildings, to be used by members of said class to guide them to their proper destination.

To the class of 1918; The rear seats and desks in the Assembly hall, said desks to be kept in the proper order; the hope that they will set a good example to the entering Juniors; the different socials, exhibitions and concerts sure to continue under their management; and the wish that they may have Mr. Smith in more classes than we did, together with the undeniable pleasure of hearing Miss Baright read in literature class.

In witness whereof, I, Marie Nash, executing this instrument in the name and on behalf of the class of nineteen hundred and seventeen, have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of said class to be hereunto affixed, this twenty-eighth day of June, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seventeen, at North Adams, in the County of Berkshire, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

L. S.

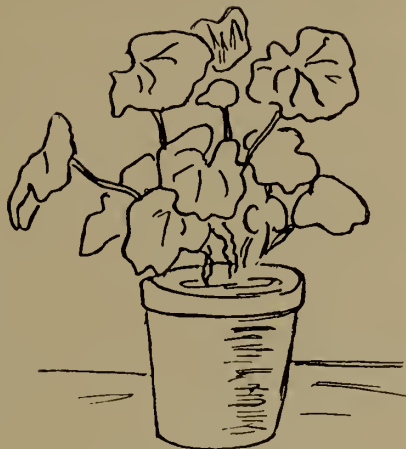
CLASS OF 1917 OF NORTH ADAMS
NORMAL SCHOOL

By MARIE NASH

Signed, sealed, declared and published by said testator the Class of 1917, as and for its last will and testament, in the presence of us, who in its presence and in the presence of each other hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses the 28 day of June.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
WILLIAM TAFT,
WOODROW WILSON.

M. Nash



Ivy Poem

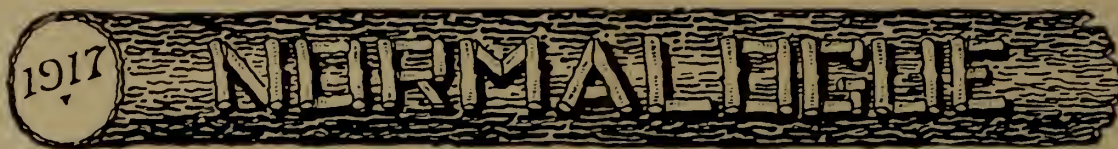
What plant we today with the ivy, so green?
 And what to each one does the sweet symbol mean?
 For these three which I name it shall stand, and I'm sure
 In the hearts of us all they will grow and endure,
 As the tendrils of ivy reach ever above;
 Only these—boundless faith, lasting hope and true love.

Our faith in our teachers' beliefs and ideals
 We will cherish through all that the future reveals,
 Their precepts will guide us in all that we do,
 And our faith in their standards will last our lives through
 It shall be like the ivy, stanch, strong and serene,
 Persistently growing till progress is seen.

Our hope, like the ivy, forever will be
 To reach, ere we falter, the heights that we see.
 No goal that is less shall our souls satisfy,
 The example it gives us will keep our aims high.
 So patiently like it, just living our days
 Till the spaces are filled with the ground-work that stays.

Our love for our mother, our loyalty true
 Will ever be present our hearts to embue,
 Inspire us to labor to honor her name,
 And do the small share which may add to her fame.
 Though wandering far from her sheltering wing,
 Her praises forever and ever we'll sing.

Almira L. Blanchard



Ivy Oration

TODAY, the last on which we can truly call ourselves members of the Normal School and the schoolmates of those whom we shall leave behind us, we, the class of 1917, plant this ivy as a symbol of the love and memories we shall cherish of our dear Alma Mater. Many classes before us have performed and many after us will perform, this time honored ceremony, and to each class which has gone before, as to us now, it seems the vital pledge of our allegiance and love.

As we look at the smooth, shining, dark-green leaves clinging to the white marble, we recall those thoughtful lines of Tennyson:

—"but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

We, like this little plant, are starting out on our life's work. Its roots, well developed and a source of unquestioned strength for future use, aptly signify the foundation of knowledge, patience, and understanding which we have been striving to acquire at this institution of learning, and which, if we will but use them, will strengthen and uphold us in the future. There is not one of us but has, nestling close to these roots, something not now so tangible, a hope, an ambition, a longing that idealizes for us, at the moment, our atom-like share of work in this vast universe.

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

Mingled with our sorrow at parting from dear friends and associations, there is pleasure in the thought that we are to have the opportunity of trying to spread the high standards of this school and its principal.

Indeed, we shall never forget these two happy years. May our class spirit be to us as the tendrils of the ivy, holding us, as the years pass by, ever closer and closer to our Alma Mater.

Thus, today, my friends, 1917 plants the ivy and leaves it, a small living proof of our loyalty.

Mildred Crews



Presentation of the Trowel

WE, the class of 1917, are gathered here for the purpose of planting the ivy. For our Alma Mater this occasion is one to be noted in her records. And for each of us, although we are eighty-six in number, it is an important event.

A year ago we accepted the trowel from the class of 1916, promising to guard and cherish it through our Senior year.

We now put this time honored implement into the hands of the Juniors, trusting that they, during their "psychological" term, will follow in the footsteps of former classes.

Mary E. MacLaren



The Tribute of 1917

A musical score for a piece titled "The Tribute of 1917". The score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of six systems of staves. The first system has a single treble staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble staff with a vocal line (marked "Chr") and a bass staff. The fourth system has a treble and bass staff. The fifth system has a treble and bass staff. The sixth system has a treble and bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The vocal line is a simple melody. The piano accompaniment is more complex, with many chords and arpeggiated figures.



The Tribute of 1917

As we leave thee, Alma Mater,
One glad thought has come to me,
That the portal of the future
Opens by thy magic key.

Chorus:

Let us then go out with gladness,
From our hearts give cheer on cheer,
Loyal, steadfast to thee, Normal,
And our faithful teachers here.

May we ever prove as faithful
By our every word and sign,
While sweet memories weave us closely,
As round thee green ivies twine.

Chorus:

When the great needs of our nation
We feel calling from beyond,
May God give to all who come here
Will and yearning to respond.

Faye Wells



Dear Normal

Tempo di marcia

Lillian Anita Morier

The musical score is written for piano in 4/4 time, featuring a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score is organized into five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system includes a 'Cresc.' marking above the treble staff. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *p* (piano). The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the final system.



Dear Normal

Dear Normal, dear Normal,
Emblem of learning,
A light in darkness gleaming,
Forever brightly beaming,
To guide thy students loyal.

Dear Normal, dear Normal,
Mem'ries recalling
And happy thoughts so precious
From days that now have left us
Have crowned us as with laurel.

Dear Normal, dear Normal,
Stately like Greylock
Dost tower o'er our life trail,
As mountains o'er the green vale,
Thou sign of uplift moral.

Dear Normal, dear Normal,
Hail thy name ever.
We praise thee alma mater,
We love thee as a daughter,
Thou queen and ruler royal.

Lillian Morier



Class Song

Tune—"The Mountains"

O Alma Mater! as we sadly part from thee,
As we on the threshold of our future stand,
May all the wisdom thou hast taught us ever be
Such an influence as shall show thy guiding hand.

Beneath the shadow of the hills in beauty clad,
We, the class of nineteen-seventeen say farewell
As we unite in song with hearts both glad and sad
Let our voices ever Normal's praises swell.

Chorus.

Our Normal! Our Normal! we leave thee with a sigh
To start on life's journey with hopes so very high
Our Normal! Our Normal! fond memories will cling
Round thee while circling years their changes bring.

Agnes Lashway

1917

NORMAN LEE

A Note of Appreciation

By the Editor

Appreciation is not shown
In words nor empty phrase,
But we now wish to have it known
Who so deserve our praise.

The first we'll mention will be he
Who worked for our success,
To Mr. Eldridge, then, do we
Confess indebtedness.

Each error or mistake that dared
To show its timid head
He firmly and distinctly scared
Till it, with fright, lay dead.

So in this book if you should spy
An error in a line,
The printer (or perhaps 'tis I)
Is guilty of the crime!

Miss Pearson and Miss Baright, now,
And Mr. Eldridge too
Deserve our thanks for writing how
The fates have brought them through.

The faculty were asked to write
Each one, his history,
But beg or plead or even fight
We captured only three.

To thank our business editor
We hasten to declare
That "Frenzied Finance" holds to her
No subtle meaning rare!

To Isabel we owe how much?
Two hundred dollars?—More!
Our honest debt to her is such
We'll never pay the score.

This rhyme is quite inadequate
In all its meagre ways,
For we can scarcely half express
A portion of our praise.

Autographs

Mary MacLaren	Cecil Roberts
Anna E. Holmes	Ethel C. Brown
Almira Blanchard	Emma Barrett
Luth M. Joyce	Louise Benson
Elizabeth M. Lyack	Theresa M. Conlon
Miriam Burgess	Grace M. Conkey
Esther M. Wolfe	Luth M. Joyce
Helen E. Cammell	Margaret M. Mack
Anna E. MacArthur	John E. Conkey
Ana M. Pritchard	Anna E. Conkey
Ethel M. Lee	Anna E. Conkey
Flossie Benson	Candida Tisdelle
Estella Iron	Maria Louise Baright
Agnes Durbin	F. J. Mundack
Martilda Hutterger	Anna E. Conkey
Fanny Wood	Margaret M. Harner
Anna E. Conkey	Anna E. Conkey
Helen White	Karl Tiedt
Loretta Tracy	Ethel C. Robinson
Mary W. Wheeler	Ana Donovan
Helen Wood	Carl Tiedt
Margorie Waring	Helen E. Conkey

Autographs

Ray Sam Smith

Wm Brown

Victor H. Jordan

Langdon D. Howe

Catherine Mackey.

John Hickey

'Don' Anthony

'Tom' St John

'Eddie' Chase

Jack Capron

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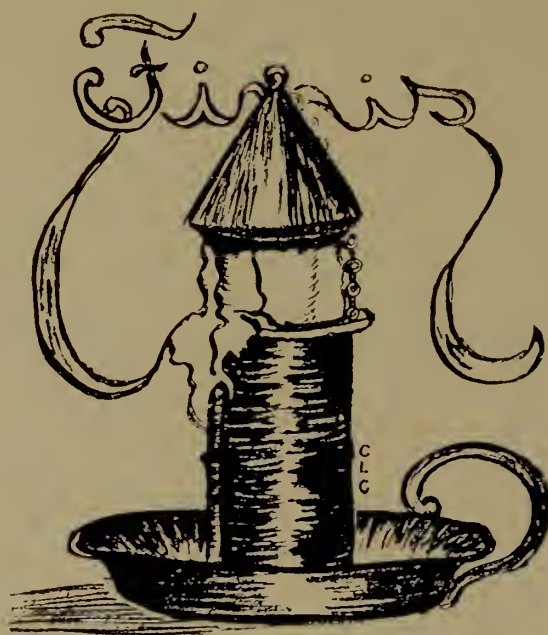
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It is they who stay behind that suffer"*

Henry W. Longfellow

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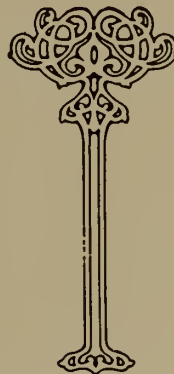
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